Freaks You Work With

I sit next to someone who feels compelled to tell us about every email she receives, both work-related and non.

It's the lunch hour so I was just treated to:

"Oh. MAH. GAW-UHD!! My old high school is having a TAILGATE PARTY!! You know how much they want for this? Oh. MAH. GAW-UHD!! It's $378. THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY EIGHTY DAH-LUHRS. They MUST be crazy. Let's see, it includes . . . . "

—Shoot me.

337 replies

10/20/2010

I sit next to an older AA woman who talks to herself all day, then expects me to know when she's talking to me. I'll be working away as she murmurs and complains under her breath and then suddenly she'll say, "Hello! Did you hear me????"

But that's okay. I love her anyway and I could have some crazy Christian.

—Anonymous

reply 1

10/20/2010

---

my staff is into bestiality

—you asked

reply 2

10/20/2010

She's probably thinking to herself what an old, dour, stick-in-the-butt you are and that she has to try and be friendly because you have no social skills and never say anything interesting.

—Anonymous

reply 3

10/20/2010

I live alone. I work alone. No fucking drama.

—Anonymous

reply 4

10/20/2010

I work not to far from a guy that has to stop by my office every day after lunch to tell me exactly what he ate, how good it was or wasn't and then inquire about my lunch. Every Day. %0D

—Anonymous

reply 5

10/20/2010

My office mate narrates her every keystroke. "Okay, so now I have to click on here... drag it over here... Okay done! What's my password? Okay... typing it in..."

I bought myself noise-cancelling headphones 2 weeks ago.

—Anonymous

reply 6

10/20/2010

I'm currently working part time and various temp jobs. The fun thing is that you don't have to spend extended periods of time with people. When it's over, it's over, and you keep in touch with those you like.

—Anonymous

reply 7

10/20/2010

You mean she likes to communicate with her co-workers, instead of with anonymous strangers on the internet? What a freak!

—Anonymous

reply 8

10/20/2010

I was working a temp job in 2003 when the office fraus came to me altogether and said in an accusatory manner that the husband of one of them had just gone off to Iraq "like a real patriot" and they didn't appreciate me working and not taking up arms against terrorism. I shit you not.%0D

—Anonymous

reply 9 10/20/2010

clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack

At the part time job. Retail. This guy stand in front of his register (a computer with a POS) his entire shift, switching between Facebook and Google Voice (for SMS). Even with customers in the store.

clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack clickety clack

—Anonymous

reply 10 10/20/2010

You are aware that there's a difference between talking & communicating, are you not, [R8]?

—Anonymous

reply 11 10/20/2010

I used to sit next to a file cabinet that was frequented by an obese lonely lady. She would waddle over there and talk to herself about each file...%0D %0D "OK, let's see....hmmm....what is THIS file doing here? Huh. Weird. That's really odd, that file should go over here. Ok, done. Hmmm...ok here's the file I need. haha. hmmm...now what's THIS doing here?"%0D %0D The hilarious thing is, she's the only person who uses that file cabinet...so any errors she's discovering in the file system must be hers and hers alone.%0D %0D It made me more motivated to push for promotion, and got my own office...problem solved for me.

—Anonymous

reply 12 10/20/2010

Does anyone remember the old "Freaks you work with" thread?%0D %0D %0D %0D %0D The anecdote about the guy who wore a codpiece still makes me laugh

—Anonymous

1

reply 13 10/20/2010

[R10], what retail job has POS systems that can access Facebook and Google?! Not that I don't believe you; I'm just amazed. I worked for Barnes & Noble for years, and the only site our POS could access was our own website.

—Anonymous

reply 14 10/20/2010

I sit next to a very unhappy and gossipy EA. She's constantly coming to my office or calling me on the phone to complain about her boss. He's guilty of all manner of trivial wrongdoings:%0D %0D "Oh my god, he spelled "behavior" wrong and now I have to correct it. This is BS. Why do *I* have to do this? It's too much. And now he wants me to bring him letters to sign IN A FOLDER so that they stay organized! Can you believe that? I hate this place. It's too much for me. I wish I could leave but there's nothing else out there."%0D %0D When she drops in in person she whispers so quietly I can't hear a word she says and have to ask her to speak up.%0D %0D Miserable cow. I wish she would quit.

—Anonymous

reply 15 10/20/2010

[R9] - Please tell us how you responded.

—Anonymous

1

reply 16 10/20/2010

[R14], it's a mom & pop shop. The two registers sit about 3 feet apart on the counter. They're just a couple of computers with POS software (and touch screens), so if you minimize the POS you have access to everything else on the computer, including a web browser.

—Anonymous

reply 17 10/20/2010

[R9] wins.

—Anonymous

reply 18 10/20/2010

[R17], that makes sense. The big companies all have their POS systems locked tight, to prevent hacking as well as to keep the employees from being able to communicate on the job (seriously, it's to keep them from organizing unions or theft rings).

—Anonymous

reply 19 10/20/2010

A group of us made a video to say goodbye to our CEO. We asked for testimonials from the employees. "So long." "It was great working with you." That sort of thing.

A handsome but rather dim young man made an appointment for his shout-out. On the day of the shoot, he burst through the office door clad head to toe in a skin-tight black spandex leotard. The leotard also covered his eyes and whole face. He screamed and leapt on a metal chair, where he adopted various muscle-flaring/crouching poses. He went went a bizarre, rambling soliloquy about superheroes! Superheroes! Our CEO was a superhero and he wanted to be one too!

We stood with the camera rolling, totally flabbergasted. We didn't use any of the footage. It felt incredibly twisted and weird.

—Anonymous

3

reply 20 10/20/2010

A number of years ago when I worked for the City, there was a 50 or so year old guy who sat on the other side of my cubicle. He was a hoarder of sorts and no one was ever quite clear what he did. He would start every morning by calling his mother and telling her that he got to work OK. Every day.

I also once sat next to a woman who called her son every few hours and would inquire and suggest things for him to eat or do, like "maybe you should go for a walk in the park" or "why don't you go have some cereal." I was absolutely FLOORED when I found out a month later that the son was like 17.

—Anonymous

reply 21 10/20/2010

But you COULD post it to Youtube, [R20].

—hint, hint

reply 22 10/20/2010

I currently work with a crazy lady who wears weird, flowing purple outfits every day. She's kind of balding in the front but wears her hair long in the back so it's like a mullet. I call her the bathroom Nazi. We have a one stall ladies bathroom. I can't count how many times I have come out of that bathroom and almost hit her with the door. She will stand RIGHT outside the door and wait for whoever is in there to come out. She waddles back and forth and when told to stop standing directly outside the door she proclaims, "I can't help it!!!" I've talk to other women I work with and they have all had the same experience with her so at least it isn't just me she does this to. I so want to open that door, see her and grab my belly and be like, "Oh man! Sorry, got to go back in!"

I hate the bathroom Nazi.

—Anonymous

1

reply 23 10/20/2010

One woman on my staff team insists on using a baby voice and wrapping her hair around her finger whenever she asks for anything. "Pwease..." She is 54.%0D %0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 24 10/20/2010

>>>what retail job has POS systems that can access Facebook and Google?! Not that I don't believe you; I'm just amazed. I worked for Barnes & Noble for years, and the only site our POS could access was our own website.%0D %0D %0D %0D Well that was Barnes and Noble. I've worked at pharmacies that had internet access

—Anonymous

reply 25 10/20/2010

I work at a law firm (I'm not a lawyer) and a lawyer who just joined the firm is, well, I'm not sure "freak" is the right word - but he's certainly a MAJOR geek. The other day I was walking behind him down the hall and noticed that he had this BIG wet spot on the seat of his pants - not like he'd wet himself - but like he'd crapped himself and it was leasking through his underwear. GROSS. The stain wasn't brown - just loked wet. I don't even know if he knew that other peopel could see that wet spot...

—Grossed Our by Mr. Poopy Pants

reply 26 10/20/2010

A painfully awkward executive arrived at the chummy company Christmas party with a scantily clad Filipina woman who barely spoke English and draped herself all over him with whorish mannerisms -- clearly an escort posing as his "girlfriend." He was fired not long after.

—Anonymous

2

reply 27 10/20/2010

> We stood with the camera rolling, totally flabbergasted. We didn't use any of the footage.%0D %0D Huge mistake! I'm sure your ex-CEO would have treasured it.

—Anonymous

1

reply 28 10/20/2010

Their is this young couple that live next to me (I'm pretty sure they work with dry wall). And, everytime they have a get together with friends, someone is ALWAYS getting into a fight or brawl. Why do they bother to have parties? And, the couple get into nasty fights themselves. I don't see this marriage lasting any longer.

—Anonymous

reply 29

10/20/2010

My cubicle neighbor is like a Jack-in-the-Box. She's always popping up and going, "HI!!!" She interrupts nonstop with annoying chatter about shoes or clothes or anything else that flits across her mind. After knowing her for 2 days, she launched into this big monologue about her therapist. She is also really weird about male/female relationships and has some stereotypical beliefs. She said, "On 9/11, I was stuck on a highway in NYC with a male coworker. I wanted to be a girl and cry. But he was freaking out so I couldn't! It was so unfair." She also accused a guy at a blood drive of hitting on her because he asked her if she donated blood often. She's 35, unmarried, and trolls match.com all day.

—Anonymous

reply 30

10/20/2010

I've said it before and I'll say it again. The Irish and many Irish Americans do not consider it weird to talk to themselves. So it may be cultural. My family is Irish and they talk to themselves all the time. "Now where did I put that? I thought it was here. Oh, I have to remember to do xyz... and then I have to do abc...Oooh.. Look at that, that's disgusting. People are horrible. Who would do such a thing?" %0D %0D I went to work at a job that was mostly African American women and two Irish women. It drove the AAs crazy that the Irish women were murmuring all the time. They were convinced the Irishwomen were saying racist stuff under their breath. They weren't.. they were just talking to themselves. And sometimes the two Irishwomen would be murmuring to themselves while having a conversation with each other. It probably appeared very strange to most people, but it made perfect sense to me.%0D %0D My mother was visiting recently and I'd be talking on the phone to friends who would ask me what all that background noise is, and I would say it's my mother, talking to the tv or talking to herself. At the top of her lungs. They couldn't believe it. A neighbor dropped by and we were outside talking. You could hear my mother talking loud and clear. %0D %0D "Who's your mother talking to?" %0D %0D Me: "herself." %0D %0D Neighbor: "No, really. She's having a conversation with someone. %0D %0D Me: "Yes, with herself."

—Anonymous

reply 31

10/20/2010

Dear work colleagues: If you are recording a good-bye video for my retirement and someone decides to deliver a monologue while wearing a skin-tight black spandex leotard, for the love of GOD do NOT stop filming!

—Anonymous

reply 32

10/20/2010

The guy that sits across from me NEVER shuts up. Even when he's not talking he's making noise, humming or even monkey sounds. What's really annoying is if you don't pay enough attention to him, he picks his monitor up and sticks it over the top of the cube (shorty cubes) and demands a response. AS IF I'M THERE SOLELY FOR HIS NEEDS.

—Anonymous

reply 33

10/20/2010

Office mate drinks energy drinks all day, so he is constantly twitching and belching. Makes phlegm-snorting noises every few seconds too. I bought him a box of tissues, but he didn't take the hint to please blow his nose.

I now wear earplugs and noise-canceling headphones with the music turned way up to block out the repulsive sounds.

—Queasy

reply 34

10/20/2010

These were some of the people who occupied cubicles near me during the 3 years I was an accounting manager: %0D %0D A woman who AUDIBLY flossed her teeth.%0D %0D Someone (unidentified) who let off squeaky farts.%0D %0D Someone else (unidentified) who would dump their stale leftover coffee into everyone else's wastebaskets.%0D %0D A woman who stole my office chair and replaced it with her own rickety one, and then denied it (I stole it back and then wrote my name on it).%0D %0D A woman who had an eating disorder and would torture herself by putting a cupcake on her desk and then just staring at it all day. At the end of the day she would throw it in the garbage.%0D %0D A woman who drank in her car every day at lunch and frequently dozed off at her desk. One day someone went over to nudge her awake and she fell off her chair - dead as a fucking mackerel.%0D %0D %0D

—Customer Service, Nina speaking, JUST a moment...

reply 35

10/20/2010

My co-worker, a sweet old lady, has to announce everything she does on the computer. If the label doesn't print out immediately it's "where's that label?". Worse than that, she has to have her finger in every pie when you just want to tell her that if she needs to know something she'll be the first one we tell.

—Anonymous

reply 36

10/20/2010

My manager at a very small sales company (operating out of my boss' basement) was a Sufi-hippie vegetarian. She insisted that our desks face one another and would lean over dramatically ALL DAY LONG whenever she needed to express gas. They were always loud and long, like she was trying to stretch them out. She was a pretentious piece of work. Some memorable quotes: "I only eat locally raised eggs," chiding a coworker for buying eggs at the supermarket. When asked if she liked hummus, she would correct the speaker: "You mean hhhooo-moooooss?" And when we were trying to put together her new IKEA desk, she'd take each screw out of the bag and place it up to each guide-hole and ask, "Is it this one? Is it this one? No..." then resume her quest again until she found the right one.

—Anonymous

2

reply 37

10/20/2010

More, please. Love weird co-worker stories.

—Anonymous

1

reply 38

10/21/2010

I'm retired but I have worked with some doosies in my time.

1. Gal named Chris who claimed to have colitis. She would fart constantly during the day. On one particular day she was sitting at her desk next to another employee and she stopped, looked at the other lady and said "well, I have just shit all over myself". That was the last straw and she was thankfully put on short term disability very soon afterward.

2. 60 something year old alcoholic woman who had a mouth on her like a drunken sailor. She got very upset one day because a younger sales person had made a sale to someone she didn't think was credit worthy. When the decision was made to let the sale go through Ruby said very loudly in a room with about 50 other people, "IF THAT MAN PAYS FOR THAT MERCHANDISE I'LL EAT MY SHIT!!!". Ruby was the first old woman I ever heard say "fuck" and she said it about 50 times a day.

3. 1975 or so, young male employee with long hair, hipster as we called them then. He would go to the bathroom several times a day and smoke weed. When he would come out his eyes would be glazed over and a cloud of pot smoke would fairly billow from the open door.

4. Receptionist who was clinically insane. She would type on her electric typewriter whenever she had nothing else to do, but the kicker was that the typewriter was not turned on. It was driving the employees who worked near her crazy. One of the male employees complained to the manger. She was called into the manager's office and given a verbal warning. The following morning she went to the break room, got a hot cup of coffee and on her way back to her desk she pretended to trip right in front of the guy's desk who had complained about her and dumped the whole cup of scalding coffee all over him. He was so shocked he didn't know what to do but when he regained a little composure he got up and went toward her as if he was going to kill her. She was whisked away into a closed office. The manager called her in a few minutes later to fire her. The mistake he made was doing it alone with no witnesses. While he was telling her she was being terminated she ripped open her blouse and jumped on him in his chair. He threw her to the floor and she started wailing like mad. When we ran in she was on the floor moaning "he raped me, he raped me". She was told to "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE NOW"!!. Approximately 1 hour later the cops show up to arrest the manager for rape and they haul him off to jail. They even told him in the car they knew it was fake but they had to do what they had to do. The company had him bailed out of jail within 2 hours. Approximately 4 months later we all go to court for the hearing. Neither the bitch employee nor her attorney bothered to show up. She had fled the country and was living with her father in Panama. The case was dismissed.

4. New hire. Strange guy who was simply not at all corporate minded or looking. Looked more like a bowery bum than anything else. I questioned the manager who hired him and got the feeling something was amiss. About 3 weeks after he started work I overheard him arranging to by crystal meth from someone on the phone. By then I had the power to get rid of anyone I deemed necessary so he was dispatched post haste.

God there are so many more but my fingers are tired.

—Anonymous

2

reply 39

10/21/2010

A temporary employee passed a brick when I mentioned that I would exercise my dog by having him run along with me while I rode my bike. On and on she went about how anyone who would do such a thing must be soooo very lazy and cruel. I realized I already had my revenge when I realized that temporary girl had the hots for a straight female coworker she was very buddy-buddy with. They were 'mean girl' friends, not just to me, but to the employee who got my cube when I moved to another building. And straight girl coworker has been dating a disgusting male coworker, and will never switch teams for temp girl. I love my new office and I never get headaches anymore.

—Anonymous

reply 40

10/21/2010

First off I love this guy and consider him one of my best friends, however....he can be kinda flaky. Like, exceptionally flaky. We're all stylists in a hair salon and today there were three of us there. Me, the guy, and a nail girl. Me and the nail girl were over at the nail station giving ourselves manicures. The guy was with a client who is a flight attendant. The flight attendant was a motormouth who was going on and on about her job and how she was fat as a youth and had a hard time in high school. Then she began telling him a story about a flight with two 14 year old girls who were just doing what passengers do; asking for drinks and such. But she was very annoyed with them. "Then I realized that I couldn't stand them because these girls were the girls who made fun of me in high school," she said. The nail girl deadpans, "he probably thinks they were actually the girls from her high school." And we have a giggle over that. But then, to our astonishment, he goes, "Oh my God! It was those girls!?!" Like it was Stephen King's "Sometimes They Come Back." I swear I haven't laughed that hard in a long, long time.

—Price Leatherbarrow

2

reply 41

10/21/2010

Dear [R31].... now hang on a second. I have been Irish my whole life. And I have tons of relatives both in the US and in Ireland... and I lived in a predominantly Irish-American community growing up... %0D %0D Not a one sustains personal conversation the way you describe. %0D %0D Sexually frigid, alcohol dependent, moods shifts that can be measured on the Richter scale and grudge holding... yes, all of us.%0D %0D But talk to ourselves, no.%0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 42

10/21/2010

I loved my job until they hired someone guy who only spoke in a country accent or his idea of ghetto.%0D He SCREAMED whenever he spoke and took up WAY TO MUCH ROOM.%0D He's 46 and he polluted the air with pop culture nonsense talk. %0D I tried for about a year, however I eventually quit that job.%0D All because I couldn't take it any longer.%0D %0D

—tony

reply 43

10/21/2010

I work with a crazy old Vietnamese woman who has an extremely loud and ear splitting voice. I once made her mad and she began yelling at me at close range in broken english; I couldn't hear for days.

—Anonymous

reply 44 10/21/2010

My old boss had a bathroom connected to his office which we weren't allowed to use but did when he wasn't around.

One of my coworkers, a portly guy with horrid breath, would go in there whenever he knew the boss wasn't going to be around for a while, bring a newspaper with him and announce loudly, 'well, time to make some room.' Then, 15-30 minutes later he'd come out of bathroom with his tie loose, top button undone and looking like he just gave birth, and would either beat his chest like a gorilla, or let out an exagerated sigh of relief. Sometimes announcing, 'that's a double flusher!'

Oh, and if you happened to be walking anywhere near the office door, he'd scream out from his office, 'that wasn't me,' but we knew it was.

—Lila McKann

reply 45 10/21/2010

One of my co-workers has a drinking problem and comes to work barely functioning sometimes. A few times I've glanced over at her and she's literally propping herself up with her elbows because she's so hungover. She also has another co-worker punch in for her when she's late (the two of them start work early in the morning). She was pissed off when my company installed a punch clock with fingerprint identification, but our employer discontinued it a few months later (big waste of money). She's also my kind of stupid boss' pet so she can pretty much do what she pleases.

Cunt.

—Anonymous

reply 46 10/21/2010

I was a manager for years with a staff of about 17, all scattered over 3 states. One of them, affectionately called "Crazy Terrie", had paranoid delusions, among other things. She would occasionally call me up and tell me she couldn't work because of strange things that have happened to her, including:%0D %0D *Someone apparently spent the entire night rolling her metal garbage cans up and down the alley behind her house. Every time she would get out of bet to try and catch them, they would stop and would always put the garbage cans in precisely the same position they were in before, in an attempt to "upset" her.%0D %0D *One morning she woke up and someone had broken into her bedroom, opened her drawer and put runs in all her pantyhose. Every pair. She couldn't understand why the dog didn't bark and wake her up.%0D %0D *Another morning she awoke to find that someone had sabotaged the plumbing in her house and caused leaking in the basement. After that one, she had a locksmith come over and change all the locks.%0D %0D *Someone broke into her house in the middle of the night and filled her refrigerator with spoiled food.%0D %0D As if the nocturnal visits weren't enough, her neighbors apparently watched her night and day and wrote down her every move.%0D %0D She frequently accused me of following her around, even though she lived 230 miles away. She would sometimes rush home and call me at home on my land line and even though I answered, she still wasn't convinced that I was home.%0D %0D She had a boyfriend for a few months who left her without telling where he was going. (I later found out that he moved out of state specifically to get away from her and didn't tell ANYone where he was going.) So anytime she saw a car that looked like his she would follow the car until it stopped and see if he was the one who got out. Somehow, he seemed to lend that car out a lot because, although she saw his car all over town, it was always someone else driving.%0D %0D She called the police at least once a week to report suspicious cars she saw in the neighborhood and to report the suspicious activities of her neighbors (who were all watching her, of course).%0D %0D If a car was behind her on the road and never seemed to turn off, she would slow down gradually until they passed her. If they never passed, she was sure they were following her and she would panic. Sometimes it was a police car and they would pull her over because she would get slower and slower until they had no other choice. So she became convinced that the highway patrol was following her wherever she went.%0D %0D She worked under me for years and was completely unteachable. Once she decided how something was to be done, she would not change it for any reason. She would pretend to if I stood over her and forced her to behave, but by the next week, everything was business as usual. I was prohibited from firing her because she might be "disabled" and HR didn't want a lawsuit.%0D %0D Eventually I simply stopped taking her calls because they got weirder and weirder and I just let them go to voicemail. If there was something I just had to deal with, I would leave a message on her machine when I knew she wasn't home.%0D %0D When I was laid off (my position was eliminated in a wave of layoffs, tripling the workload of those unlucky few managers who still had jobs there) the next manager told her flat out he didn't have any interest in her paranoid rantings and to do her job or leave. She became progressively more hostile until she threatened him and he fired her ass. When I heard that through the grape vine I was amused and envious.%0D %0D Crazy Terrie was the worst, but I had 16 others who reported to me who were all crazy in their own ways. I'm so glad I don't work there anymore.

—Anonymous

reply 47 10/21/2010

I worked for a woman for over 10 yrs. Once we were pretty close but the longer I worked there the crazier she got. She had a tummy tuck and thought nothing of dumping her drain from the surgery into the trash can UNDERNEATH her desk. We shared a moderate sized office so the smell was awful. I mentioned to her that wasn't that a biohazard (she had formerly been a nurse) She shook her head no, and commented that the nightly cleaning crew wore gloves, so it didn't matter...%0D And yet, I stayed another 5 yrs....

—Anonymous

reply 48 10/22/2010

> 60 something year old alcoholic woman who had a mouth on her like a drunken sailor. She got very upset one day because a younger sales person had made a sale to someone she didn't think was credit worthy. When the decision was made to let the sale go through Ruby said very loudly in a room with about 50 other people, "IF THAT MAN PAYS FOR THAT MERCHANDISE I'LL EAT MY SHIT!!!". Ruby was the first old woman I ever heard say "fuck" and she said it about 50 times a day.

I'm picturing her like this-

see offsite link on epicindia.com

—Tracey Ullmann

reply 49 10/22/2010

When people volunteer information like what they had for lunch, or details of their families have any of you said "why are you telling me this?"

—Anonymous

reply 50 10/22/2010

[R41], Price, thank you. That made me laugh so hard.

There are so many freaks I have worked with. I need to remember specific examples...

—Anonymous

reply 51 10/22/2010

> I loved my job until they hired someone guy

But, I'll bet that guy you hated so much was better at proofreading than you are, so don't go getting above yourself there pally.

—Anonymous

2

reply 52 10/22/2010

One question: assuming these stories are true, then HOW did these people get hired? Most of them sound severely, obviousl mentally disturbed. It's hard to believe they would pull themselves together and ace the interview (or interviews) and then revert back to crazy after they get the job.

—Anonymous

reply 53 10/22/2010

We have a real life "Milton" (Office Space).

Looks just like him. His bad rug looks like road kill sitting on his head. Sweats all the time. Mumbles. Lives with his mother.

Instead of a red stapler, he's obsessed with the thermostat that is above his cube.

Touch it and his head will explode. He'll complain to HR about you.

see offsite link on 411mania.com

—37 Pieces of Flair

reply 54 10/22/2010

[R20], it might have been a reference to Sean Young's notorious Catwoman audition.

Maybe he's actually wittier than you think...

—Anonymous

reply 55 10/22/2010

My favorite from the old thread is still the vindictive receptionist who'd tell callers "She's on the toilet" whenever one of the younger, prettier employees had stepped away from her desk.

Close second: The poster who worked in publishing and found a freelance proofreader inexplicably pissing into a drinking cup in her office late one night.

—Anonymous

1

reply 56 10/22/2010

People here feel the need to put EVERY call on speakerphone VERY LOUDLY so everyone can hear their conversations. Oy Vey

—Anonymous

reply 57 10/22/2010

Directly after high school I worked in an office full of middle aged fraus for the summer. All they ever talked about was food and they talked about it for 8 hours straight.%0D %0D It started with "What didja bring for lunch?" and that was worth an hour of what was brought, how it was prepared and how much it cost. Then came, "What didja have for dinner last night?" Another hour and a half on ingredients, preparation, what brands were used, etc.%0D %0D Then came, "What're ya planning for dinner tonight?"%0D %0D The rest of the day was spent asking questions and telling stories about food. What brands do you prefer, what does your husband like, what does your husband hate, what did you eat over the weekend, great vacation meals we've eaten, how our daughters can't cook, remember how our mothers cooked, remember foods we had to eat as kids that we hated like baccala and you won't believe what my daughter-in-law serves for dinner...%0D %0D I never came across a group as obsessed with food until Datalounge took a turn for frauish food obsession about 5 years ago.

—Anonymous

1

reply 58 10/22/2010

Cough, cough...wheeze...HACKING COUGH. A sip of water (will solve everything). Five minutes later - cough, cough. Asthma inhaler. Wheeze. A fucking cigarette break every hour. COUGH, COUGH...

—Computer says "No!"

reply 59 10/22/2010

"he had this BIG wet spot on the seat of his pants - not like he'd wet himself..." %0D %0D I've had this happen. It's when you're sitting down to go #2 and you decide to go ahead and urinate sitting down. Depending on the toilet and the hang of your johnson, you can accidentally pee over the rim and get your pants wet.%0D %0D Or the crotch of his pants could have sagged to the wet floor while around his ankles.

—Anonymous

reply 60

10/23/2010

One of my female co-workers ate her lunch in a bathroom stall everyday.%0D %0D One of the males painted himself a full beard and bushy eyebrows first thing every morning. It was black and greasy, not sure what he used on his shaven face.%0D %0D Couldn't say anything, we worked in gov't.

—Anonymous

1

reply 61

10/23/2010

> If there was something I just had to deal with, I would leave a message on her machine when I knew she wasn't home.

Aha! I was right. You WERE spying on me all those years to know when I was home.

—Crazy Terrie

1

reply 62

10/23/2010

"assuming these stories are true, then HOW did these people get hired?"%0D %0D Sometimes, like in customer service, there are just not a lot of people who want these jobs: they're boring and low-paid, and employees spend their day getting yelled at by customers. So they either burn out fast and you have to keep re-hiring; or else you end up with slacker drones that will stay there forever as long as they can indulge their particular personality quirks. You keep hiring "the best of the worst".%0D %0D And if you think these stories about workplace freaks are bad, you should get a load of the folks who temp. I've lost count of the number of times I've called temp agencies and told them to never send that person back again.

—Anonymous

reply 63

10/23/2010

"One question: assuming these stories are true, then HOW did these people get hired?"

You'd be surprised how many people can, in fact, ace an hour long interview & then have true colors spill all over the office.

—Anonymous

reply 64

10/23/2010

My story isn't that wild, but here goes. There's a guy who has some allergies and he sneezes all day long in the office next to mine.%0D %0D "Ha-CHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO - OOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"%0D %0D "Ha-CHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO - OOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"%0D %0D "Ha-CHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO - OOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"%0D %0D over and over, all day long.%0D %0D It doesn't sound like a big deal but it's pretty annoying when it's so constant. I asked him if he was sick once and he told me of his allergies. Sucks for him, I'm sure, and he's a nice guy. But why does he need to extend those vowels for many seconds?

—Anonymous

reply 65

10/23/2010

I don't work there, but in my local Post Office there is a bald man who draws his hair on. I cannot imagine how in tarnation this looks reasonable to him, but he keeps doing it. He's also the dullest knife in the drawer there, no coincidence, I bet.

I also frequented a ribbon shop where one of the employees, an older woman, cleared her throat every 30 seconds. I was only a customer and it annoyed the hell out of me, so I can only imagine what her co-workers thought. It was a family business and she worked there for at least 10 years. That's one long nasal drip.

I thank heaven that I have not worked with anyone as crazy as the people described here, as my tolerance for offensive bodily function behavior is zero and I'm the one who would have been fired for my reaction, not the offenders. I am very glad that I am free-lancer and now pretty much work at home and don't have to deal with any peculiar people. Hygiene issues are the worst and some of these stories are just nauseating!

—You folks are saints who work with these freaks

reply 66

10/23/2010

.

—Anonymous

reply 67

10/24/2010

[R35]: She DIED at her desk?

—Anonymous

reply 68

10/25/2010

[R68] - Yes. Died right at her desk. Of course, our supervisor and the designated "first responder" and the HR drones who zoomed onto the scene all insisted she was just unconscious, and the official word later was that she died at the hospital. %0D %0D But it was pretty obvious that she had not been breathing for quite a while. And I don't think she put on gray makeup before she left the house that morning.

—R35

1

reply 69 10/25/2010

> 1. Gal named Chris who claimed to have colitis. She would fart constantly during the day. On one particular day she was sitting at her desk next to another employee and she stopped, looked at the other lady and said "well, I have just shit all over myself". That was the last straw and she was thankfully put on short term disability very soon afterward.%0D %0D %0D I swear I cannot stop laughing about this. It's just such a perfect mental image.

—been working the office life TOO long...

reply 70 10/25/2010

OMG! [R35] worked with Ginny in Billing!

—Anonymous

reply 71 10/25/2010

I feel for ya, [R6]. I used to sit next to a girl who would practice karaoke during work. Loud music and singing, all day long. Occasionally she would randomly talk to no one about the karaoke contest she went to last week and about the one she would go to next week. She and our supervisors acted like *I* was the crazy one when I asked her to keep it down.

—Anonymous

reply 72 10/25/2010

> A woman who had an eating disorder and would torture herself by putting a cupcake on her desk and then just staring at it all day. At the end of the day she would throw it in the garbage.

I remember her from the old thread! I do NOT remember you telling us about poor drunk Ginny from Billing dying, though. And I'm certain that's something I would have remembered.

—Anonymous

reply 73 10/25/2010

[R73], that old thread gave me such horrendous flashbacks, I started drinking heavily to obliterate the memories. Apparently I killed off a few too many brain cells and poor Ginny's untimely demise got lost in the shuffle. %0D %0D Thank you for remembering Ginny and paying tribute to her indomitable spirit. I am now going to smoke copious amounts of pot and drink a gallon of cheap wine in an effort to deaden the pain of her loss.

—R35, crying as I type

reply 74 10/25/2010

A good friend worked with a guy who every day would ask his coworkers if they wanted anything while he was out for lunch. At the same time, there were a rash of bank robberies at lunchtime. Turned out he was robbing banks on his way to pick up a sandwich.

—Anonymous

reply 75 10/25/2010

And what's wrong with that, [R75]?%0D %0D Seems he was a great multi-tasker!

—Anonymous

reply 76 10/25/2010

[R76], apparently he was a really nice guy. Even when he robbed banks, he simply slid a polite note across to the teller...no violence, no guns

—Anonymous

reply 77 10/25/2010

A few months ago, someone in my office put out some of those charity candy bars for people to buy. Some unknown person took one and left three virtually worthless foreign coins from three different countries.

At another place a couple years ago one woman had her cube crammed with all things cat - statuettes, cards, posters, stuffed toys, etc. And around holidays she threw on another layer of themed crapola. She was short, round as a beachball, wore workpants and t-shirts every day and had yellow, very short hair.

—Anonymous

reply 78 10/25/2010

Years ago, I worked with a woman who constantly sprayed urine, feces, and menstrual blood all over the ladies room toilets. HR called meetings with all of the female employees and begged this person to stop. When that didn't work, HR began patrolling the restroom. No one ever caught her. A month before our site closed, she smeared feces all over the restroom walls and faucets.

—Brown Cow

reply 79 10/25/2010

I sat next to a woman who had an 8x10 color photo on her desk of herself giving birth, and believe me you could see EVERYTHING but her tonsils. %0D %0D I couldn't believe that no one had ever objected, but when I asked her to at least turn it away from my desk, every frau in the place laughed her little pointed head off. I'm sure I could have made a case for workplace harassment or something, but I ended up quitting about a month later. Wonder if that's how they ran off other male employees.

—I See London, I See France, I See Uranus...

1

reply 80 10/25/2010

What has happened when any of you have said to these people who talk too much, "why are you telling me this?"

—Anonymous

reply 81 10/25/2010

I also frequented a ribbon shop

Don't know which is the bigger MARY, the ribbon shop owner, or [[R66]].

—Anonymous

reply 82 10/25/2010

This isn't really a freak I work with story but I used to be an assistant at a post production house in Burbank, and I worked for the VP. She had a son with emotional problems or something and one time she brought him into the office with her and, as usual, he ran around the entire facility screaming and carrying on and then he got to my cubicle, right outside his mother's office door, and he pulled down his pants and went to the bathroom in the corner.

I honestly didn't know WHAT to do and my boss didn't offer to help or clean up at all. She just said, 'well, just a few hours left til the end of the day, leave it for the janitors.' Turns out, the janitors have something in their contract that this is NOT something they have to clean so it was there the next day and my boss pretended she didn't see it. When I told her with a post-it note that the janitors didn't clean up 'the mess,' she simply drew a frown face on the post-it and handed it back to me. Then she said, 'not a big deal, haven't you ever walked a dog?' and handed me a roll of paper towels.

—Lila McKann

1

reply 83 10/25/2010

Imagine working with her...

see offsite link on youtube.com

—Anonymous

reply 84 10/26/2010

[R63] nails it. I'm in management at a customer service call center and it amazes me how many of these people ever got hired. I've seen some of the craziest antics, but they never get fired. No one else wants these jobs. The turnover is extremely high.

—Anonymous

reply 85 10/26/2010

This thread has inspired me to go off my medication and apply for some menial jobs. It's a win-win situation. I do a job poorly and get paid for it while causing a rukus and giving boring fraus something to tell their overweight husbands about.

—Anonymous

2

reply 86 10/26/2010

[R83], please tell us you got your revenge somehow!

—Anonymous

reply 87 10/26/2010

I work with a big fat mean bitch who bullies and intimidates everybody. Yesterday she had open heart surgery and apparently pulled through it all right. Everyone's pretending to be happy for her.

—Anonymous

reply 88 10/26/2010

Ginny in Billing in happier times!

This was taken at Arlette (former duplication room clerk's) lapband party.

see offsite link on froggypic.com

—Anonymous

reply 89 10/26/2010

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bump.%0D %0D I used to be a department manager for a chain of up-scale stores in the Northeast. One of my supervisees, "Joe", apparently came from a very wealthy family, and only worked to have something to do.He wasn't the brightest bulb on the Xmas tree, but he was an impeccable dresser and great with the customers.%0D %0D One morning,I remember smelling urine in the stock room when I arrived at work, and it turned out that "Joe" had been urinating (routinely, according to other salespeople) into an empty plastic milk jug in a far corner of the stockroom. When I confronted him, Joe seemed unfazed and stated that he did it because he didn't want to be off the floor too long and miss out on potential commission-based sales. He assured me that he took the jug to the men's room to empty it out at the end of each day but had forgotten to do it the previous evening (I still can't imagine how he was able to carry around the jug without bringing attention to himself. I really didn't want ot know). I told him very emphatically to stop his behavior and he complied.%0D %0D A few months later, right after the holidays, he wanted two weeks off to go to his parents' home in Palm Beach, only giving me three days notice. I said no. The following Monday, he had a friend call in saying that Joe was very sick and would not be into work. The same phone call came every morning for the entire work-week. Everytime I asked the caller to let me speak to Joe directly, the friend either told me that he was asleep, was in the tub soaking with a high fever, or other excuses.Joe knew that I had caller ID on my work phone and the calls were indeed from his home phone.%0D %0D The following Monday, Joe returned to work with a great tan . He had a doctor's note and insisted that he had not gone to Florida, but that one of the antibiotics he had been prescribed had the rare side effect of darkening the skin.%0D %0D Upper management finally let me terminate him when he requested July and August off to stay with his parents in Italy.%0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 90 10/26/2010

My brother worked with a guy who got fired for stealing food from the break room fridge. The thing is that the guy lived an hour away from the facility. The guy worked the day shift, would go home and return around 3am, raid the fridge, go back home, then come back to work at 8am. He got caught because he had to badge-in and out each time and security figured out (duh) who the thief was.

—Anonymous

reply 91 10/26/2010

..

—Anon

reply 92 10/26/2010

One of the do nothing female nutjob managers in my company eats "lunch" twice a day. Previously she used to eat one huge meal at around 2 in the afternoon. She would spread out of all of her food on one of the lunch tables and devour it while reading the newspaper. No one could believe how much she consumed for lunch; her tupperware containers were literally family-sized and she at every bit of it, but all healthy food like salad without dressing and grilled fish. New employees would always comment to her about how much she ate (but somehow didn't gain weight) and I guess she finally got tired of the remarks so now she eats once at 11:00 and then again at 2:00.

—Anonymous

reply 93 10/26/2010

[R5], do we work in the same office?

I have a chump who EVERY DAY will announce what he would like to have for lunch, and will try to coerce the people sitting around him to order with him.

He'll take about an hour "tempting" people with various types of food. No one ever bites. After his endless, brainless lunch-related ramblings, he'll always settle on a turkey burger.

Every day. Unchanging. Without fail.

—Anonymous

1

reply 94 10/26/2010

[R83] wins.

—Anonymous

reply 95 10/26/2010

I'm closeted at work and keep to myself for the most part. I found out last my boss was asking a co-worker if I had a girlfriend because he things I'm gay. What should I make of this?

—Anonymous

reply 96 10/26/2010

If you want to have sex with the boss, [R96], now is the time to come out.

—Anonymous

reply 97 10/26/2010

I currently have an employee who works the midnight shift two nights a week. Each night he works, he leaves me a note letting me know how many lights are out at the front of our building. The is the motel desk of a tourist complex that is heavily lit with blinking lights and neon signs. One sign can have four or five hundred lights. He literally times the blinks to figure out which lights aren't blinking. Twice a week...like clockwork.%0D %0D Our human resource manager has a crush on our animal keeper. Every day at lunch, she puts on daisy duke shorts and walks for exercise...so she says. She's not grasping that the owner can find a new hr person easier than he can find an animal keeper and she has become expendable.%0D %0D I worked at the same place when I got out of high school 30 years ago. I returned last year as a manager of the same place. 30 years ago the maintenance men were dispatched from our office and we had to call them in if there was an emergency. They had a fake "boiler room" which they used as an excuse to fool around with their women. If they called us and told us they were in the boiler room, that was code to tell their wives they were in the boiler room and unreachable. All of the wives and most of the staff thought the boiler room was real! This was before cell phones and caller id.%0D %0D I worked with a man who constantly locked his keys in his car. He would find something to break his window with and then file an insurance claim. He said he always told them he was being harassed by employees who broke his windows. He alternated which window he broke.%0D %0D %0D %0D %0D %0D %0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 98 10/26/2010

[R97], my boss is fat and stupid. There's no way I want to have sex with him. I don't think he's gay although he does like to gossip and is into food like a frau. So who knows.

—Anonymous

reply 99 10/26/2010

Having sex with your boss is the fastest way to unemployment or blackmail.

—Anonymous

reply 100 10/26/2010

I worked with a black woman who all day would hum. Hummmmmmmm...Hummmmmmmmmmm.Humm - mm Never a complete tune, just pointless random humming. I had to wear ear plugs so not to go out of my mind.

—Anonymous

reply 101 10/26/2010

I should also add that my boss is married. He also likes to make fun of members of his staff when they're not around. He's just an all around idiot.

—R96/ R99

reply 102 10/26/2010

I should have noted that I actually do work with the ferret person.

—r84

reply 103 10/27/2010

[R96], when a guy would ask Truman Capote if he was gay, Truman would reply "Why, are you looking for a date?"

—Anonymous

1

reply 104 10/27/2010

[R69] wins. Good grief!

—Anonymous

reply 105 10/27/2010

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bump. more please. these are hilarious.

—Anonymous

reply 106 10/28/2010

[R101], my Aunt who is 65 yrs old makes some type of weird noise. She coos like a bird and she does it continuously the entire day. She still works in an office. I don't know how they can stand her%0D %0D %0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 107 10/28/2010

Have you ever asked you aunt why she is making the noise? Maybe she's not aware of it.

—Anonymous

reply 108

10/28/2010

LOL [R61], I AM the freak you work with! %0D %0D I work at a large retail store doing security p/t, so I only get two 15-minute breaks in my shift. Anyway, I eat in a stall because it actually IS damn clean in there (cleaner than the break room!) and is quiet as a tomb since I have my breaks at semi-peak times when most of the women who work there are still on the floor. %0D %0D I need to get away from these folks. You have no idea how exhausing it is being around people for so many hours and having to be friendly and "on" actually is for some of us. Also, my lunch is usu. either a piece of fruit, a snack/cereal bar, or a bagel--hardly a meal--it's all i have time for...%0D %0D A work friend who works the security desk (just outside the bathroom) told me she noticed I spent all my time in the bathroom during breaks, and I flat-out told her i was sure people noticed, but I didn't care, lol. I can't help it. The little 2-table, four seat break room is constantly full of people whereas the bathroom is quiet bliss.%0D %0D I've been doing this job for three months and what I noticed are a lot of (non-english speaking) immigrants and lots of peculiar personalities (it seems i'm one, lol).

—I don''t know how much longer my feet will last

reply 109

10/29/2010

One of my crazy co-workers doesn't wear shoes. Even in the bathroom! She was in there one morning brushing her teeth barefoot.%0D %0D Oh and she wears dressed that are one step away from being a mu-mu.

—Anonymous

reply 110

10/29/2010

My old office had a girl with an eating disorder, too.

whenever the word went out that there was left over food from a meeting in the conference room - great news for the assistants - she'd make a show of refusing by saying. "No. I am In Disease."

—Anonymous

reply 111

10/29/2010

> Our human resource manager has a crush on our animal keeper. Every day at lunch, she puts on daisy duke shorts and walks for exercise...so she says. She's not grasping that the owner can find a new hr person easier than he can find an animal keeper and she has become expendable.%0D %0D What kind of industry is this where you have an animal keeper? Why is the HR mgr's job in jeopardy for walking in cut offs?

—Anonymous

2

reply 112

10/29/2010

Maybe she works at the Bronx Zoo or Sea World.

—Anonymous

reply 113

10/31/2010

Similar to [R110], I work with a guy who as soon as he gets to work, removes his shoes. He spends the rest of the day in his socked feet, even going to meetings shoeless. Of course, when he goes outside he puts his shoes back on, but the rest of the day he is shoeless Joe. Thankfully his feet do not smell.

—Anonymous

reply 114

10/31/2010

We used to have a compulsive hand washer in our office. In addition to washing her hands with soap and water, she also used rubbing alcohol on them (this is before hand sanitizers came out) and had red, painfully raw looking hands. She quit many years ago, but I wonder how she is.

—Anonymous

reply 115

10/31/2010

[R115], your story reminded me of a receptionist at an old job. She was mean, old and crabby. No one liked her. She'd wipe down her keyboard and surrounding area on her desk with some kind of disinfectant whenever she'd go back to her desk and switch places with the relief receptionist.%0D %0D One day I had to watch the front desk for some reason. She came back and we switched places. She quickly wiped down her desk. She was then told to do a quick project somewhere else before returning to reception duties and looked miffed about it. Being a good sport, I told her I didn't mind sitting at her desk again. Then she snapped back, "But now I'm going to have to clean my desk again!" I wanted to punch her in the face.

—Anonymous

reply 116

10/31/2010

We had a barefoot, muu-muu wearing gal at our office too. She was always complaining about her hot flashes, and she used her little mini desk fan to blow cool air up her skirts all the time. So you'd walk past her cubicle and her muu-muu would be ballooning up like a tent, and you'd hear the faint buzz of an appliance, see her ecstatic expression and hear her sighing "Aaahhhhhhhhh!"%0D %0D Comments to HR only resulted in lectures about how insensitive we were to her "condition" and veiled implications about workplace harassment. %0D %0D

—Uh oh, looks like it''s Edie''s Orgasm Hour again!

1

reply 117 10/31/2010

If you boss makes fun of you appearance and personality behind you back is that considered harassment?

—Anonymous

reply 118 10/31/2010

> "No. I am In Disease."%0D %0D I'm totally stealing that the next time I'm asked to do something I don't want to do.

—Anonymous

reply 119 11/01/2010

I think I am a freak people work with. I don't really have OCD or germ phobia, but I do clean my desk every evening with Clorox wipes, and wash down my phone, keyboard and doorhandle with rubbing alcohol. I also keep two types of hand sanitizer on my desk (one regular, one moisturizing).

—Anonymous

1

reply 120 11/01/2010

[R120], that is not being freaky, that is being SMART. Maybe 10 years ago people would consider that excessive (or obsessive) behavior, but I don't want to take any chances around the non-handwashing, germ-laden, crud-infested people in my office.%0D %0D And don't even talk to me about office potlucks (ie: Botulism Casserole Fests).

—Anonymous

1

reply 121 11/01/2010

R 120 I don't understand why you wipe everything down in the evening - dont' you want to do it in the morning when you first arrive because who knows what or who has been at your desk while you were gone.

—Anonymous

reply 122 11/01/2010

There is a large (300 lb) crazy lady who works for another office on our floor. One day I was about to go down the elevator when I remembered something I forgot to take to the meeting. I sat down a tote bag with carpet samples in it and went back in my office. When I returned about 1 1/2 minutes later, crazy lady was just going back into her office. When she saw me she asked if the bag was mine and what was in it. Turns out, she was just about to call Homeland Security and report a bomb. I mean, this was an open tote and you could see all the carpet samples in it. Also, what terrorist would bomb some random 23rd floor in a second tier city? When I confronted her, all she could say was, "You can't be too careful these days."

—Anonymous

reply 123 11/01/2010

...a whole new meaning to 'carpet bombing", [R123].

—Anonymous

reply 124 11/01/2010

I worked with a guy who wouldn't eat pork, and was not Jewish or Muslim.

—Anonymous

reply 125 11/01/2010

[R125], he might have been that idiot in the Pulled Pork thread but you could give him the benefit of the doubt and assume he has a genetic disorder that left him without taste buds.

—Anonymous

reply 126 11/01/2010

One of the secretaries in my office is a stripper on the weekends. She makes no bones about it, and she shows girls in the office how to make "sexy moves". I think she might be a meth-head, too, but I don't know for sure. It's really sad, but the way she's so open and proud about it is very odd to me. I know I'm being judgmental, but . . . really?? This is a liberating thing now?

—Anonymous

reply 127 11/08/2010

Not one, but two women with loud irritating GULPING laughs sit near me. They have nothing to do all day, so I have to listen to them all friggin' day long. It's fine to laugh, even loudly, but the way they laugh is so annoying.

—Anonymous

reply 128 11/08/2010

Barack Obama.

I win.

—Hillary Clinton

reply 129 11/08/2010

I work with someone that is now on medical leave (six to twelve weeks) due to a possible nervous breakdown. The "freak" side of this? It's supposedly due to her husband cheating on her. She just forgot to own up to her own affairs, one that is currently ongoing. Drama much?

—Anonymous

reply 130 11/09/2010

I had a Canadian lady who worked for me for many years. People were always playing practical jokes on her because she was just so easy. Her desktop had a sheet of plate glass on it and she had every piece of paper or note she would possibly have ever needed underneath it for quick access. Someone brought in a picture of a naked man from some magazine about 5x8" and slid it up under the glass amongst all her miscellany. No one said a word and that picture stayed there for over 2 years and she never made one mention of it. Finally one day one of the other gals on the floor said "Shirley why haven't you taken that naked man's picture from under your glass"? Poor Shirley almost had a stroke when she saw it and found out how long it had been there. It had been there so long the person who put it there had left the company over a year before she found it.

—Anonymous

reply 131 11/09/2010

My boss. She's married and has a child. She flirts with all of us (mostly men). One of the guys decided to flirt back and she read him the riot act about sexual harassment in the office. Seriously messed up biiiiaaaatch. So I'm considering flirting and waiting for her to do the same to me.

—Anonymous

reply 132 11/09/2010

My co-worker says she is having sex with a ghost. She even went as far to say the ghost followed her to a meeting and tried to sexually arouse her there. She's a lonely woman in her late 50's who hasn't had real sex in YEARS. She actually talks about this as if this is real. I don't know if she is trying to get attention or actually believes it. But sometimes I think her ghost is her vibrator!!

—Anonymous

reply 133 11/09/2010

A driver for one of the truck lines I use is a seriously hot guy. He also wears the tightest pants and shirts I've ever seen on a human being and his endowment is always displayed full and proud. I found out from a co-worker of his that he is a part time stripper in a gay strip club (although he claims to be straight), and recently he's started advertising home cleaning services in the nude. I asked his co-worker if he just cleaned and nothing else and he said he was pretty sure it was up to the customer if they wanted more. He said the guy claims he only does this for female clients but his co-worker said he has information that he'll do it for men too. Frankly I think he's so hypersexed that he'd fuck a rattlesnake as long as someone would hold the head. From his general attitude I imagine he throws a mean and nasty fuck.

—Anonymous

reply 134 11/09/2010

Miserable asshole coworker is pissed that I have a cough. Told me last week it was bothering him and get cough drops. Of course, the cough drops only works so much. Now, he's moved away because the cough bothers him sooo much. Fuck him. I will continue to cough on purpose. I HOPE he stays away.

—Anonymous

reply 135 11/12/2010

[R112] and [R113]: I work for a small tourist complex that has a reptile exhibit. We have big snakes, crocs and alligators and such. The animal keeper is necessary. The HR director is expendable.

—Anonymous

reply 136 11/12/2010

I heard my boss yelling at somebody from another department department today. I swear he yells at someone every few months. He's middle management. The executives don't even do this. Other than him no one in our company behaves like this.

—Anonymous

reply 137

11/19/2010

> Miserable asshole coworker is pissed that I have a cough. Told me last week it was bothering him and get cough drops. Of course, the cough drops only works so much. Now, he's moved away because the cough bothers him sooo much. Fuck him. I will continue to cough on purpose. I HOPE he stays away.

I'm on the side of the "miserable asshole coworker." Having spent the entire workday today with koff!...koff!...koff! every thirty seconds, I was ready to relocate into the hallway.

My sympathy's limited by the fact that the chronic cougher doesn't even attempt to quell it with cough drops or cough syrup and the fact that he smokes.

His diet of energy drinks and cigarettes means that he's always sickly and making some repulsive phlegmy noise.

—Anonymous

reply 138

11/19/2010

[R6] lol

—Anonymous

reply 139

11/19/2010

I work in an office with about 20 other woman. One very heavy gal wears so much perfume [drug store crap] that it is almost impossible to be around her for very long. Yet the moment she detects a scent on someone else she becomes violently ill with allergy issues. Coughing and gaging and complaining of head aches and dizzy spells. When confronted she claims that the brands she uses [cheap] are specially formulated not to effect her delicate constitution. I would like to push that fat cow out a window.

—Anonymous

reply 140

11/19/2010

We had a new hire who was let go within a week. He was a freak, albeit one we thought was mild-mannered. One morning our early morning staff came in at 6 am to find him sleeping in front of our office entrance. I don't know what happened after the police were called, but soon after, an interoffice memo (no e-mail in those days) was circulated warning us that he had been banned from the building for a one year period and if we saw him to immediately call building security or 911.

—Anonymous

reply 141

11/19/2010

I've mentioned both before, but hey, why not do it again? A crazy lady I worked with at Head Start was apparently once a nurse but lost her license for something really bad she did while on the job. Never knew what it was. Then-secretary of education Donna Shalala was coming to visit our Head Start building one day but the Secret Service wouldn't let her, because the crazy lady was a threat to national security. Said crazy lady was a psychopath, seriously, the only one I've ever known. Then when I worked at an insurance company, one of the processors that worked near my office turned out to be a murderer. He'd beaten a little old lady to death in her house because earlier that day, when she was at work at a bank, she'd asked him for ID and he didn't have any. He wasn't found for 4 years, despite living in the same town the murder occurred in the whole time.

—Anonymous

reply 142

11/20/2010

OMG this bitch just showed up moaning and groaning with crutches. She's going to try and get out of doing anything I just know it. She supposedly twisted her ankle or something. Last weekend she was in the ER for the shits or virus or whatever. I'm going home; I can't stand to hear her sob story all day.

—Anonymous

reply 143

11/22/2010

OMG, How insensitive [R143], maybe she is really hurt.

—Anonymous

reply 144

11/22/2010

There was that guy who masturbated at his desk.%0D %0D And the only thing "hot" about it was the film of greyish sweat he developed on his pasty skin.%0D %0D They actually decided to give him another chance. The company started monitoring internet use, thinking he wouldn't jerk off without porn. So he jacked off to pictures on our website: basically pictures of some of our female employees. Some of our very unattractive female employees.%0D %0D BTW, he didn't have his own office. He didn't even have his own cubicle. There were about a dozen desks surrounding him ass he jacked off into his pants.

—Anonymous

reply 145

11/22/2010

Post-holiday bump

—Anonymous

reply 146 01/11/2011

> There was that guy who masturbated at his desk.

That reminds me: I used to go to university with big-name blogger John Hawks. He constantly played with himself through his pockets while sitting in class. His "pocket pool" habit was such a running joking with my friends that they would make sounds like breaking pool balls every time they saw him.

I suppose this is more of a "Freaks you had anth class with" story than "Freaks you work with" story.

—Anonymous

reply 147 01/12/2011

bump

—Anonymous

reply 148 01/13/2011

The lady on other side of my cube farts without fail, every day at 1:00 pm. The silent but deadly ones too.

—Camille

reply 149 01/13/2011

Kerry - hired as my assistant in the early '80s. Got arrested for prostitution and buying drugs in downtown DC and was let go. About 6 months later my phone rang at home at it was Kerry telling me that she had the flu and wouldn't be able to make it work that morning. I said nothing so as not to ruin her high.

Then there was Paul - 18 and hot as fuck (I was 25). He had terrible body odor though which we found was because he would come back to the office and sleep in the warehouse each night as his parents had thrown him out for being gay. He stayed with me for a few months and was a terrific fuck (we are still friends.)

Stefanie - very hyperactive. Not long after she was hired it was noticed that she would go to the bathroom every morning and throw up. She said she was pregnant. 5 months later when she hadn't gained weight we realized she was grinding and sniffing oxycontin.

Jane and her boyfriend - the conference room table is still a bit wobbly.

—Anonymous

reply 150 01/13/2011

I worked with a freak that would cry every fucking day to save her from doing any fucking work the lazy ass blubbering bitch. I hated being her boss. I lied telling her she was brilliant and helped her get another job. It worked.%0D %0D I worked with a man who would make a "yurp" sound, every now and again, really loudly for no apparent reason. Every time the cunt did this I would jump right out of my skin. I always thought it was good I didn't have loose bowels. %0D %0D I worked with another man who would walk up to me and anyone else whilst touching or rearranging his not inconsiderable flaccid cock. It was like an elephants trunk down one leg of his trousers - very distracting. Pity he had a face like a smacked arse or he would have been more popular with the women he'd letch over every day.%0D %0D Worked with a middle-aged woman who would come to work in her curlers. Once she'd arrived at the office and clocked on, she would comb out her hair and style it, put a full face of slap on, make a coffee, go take a piss, rub hand cream in. All this malarkey would take her about one hour! Lazy ass bitch.%0D %0D Worked with a man who we nicknamed "the donkey" as a story had come about that his second wife couldn't accommodate his meat. Oh how we laughed as he had a face like a fucking horse - his teeth even had strata! Anyway, this freak had the worst fucking breath ever. It was like Christmas dinner shit mixed with beer and curry vomit. If he spoke to you from one end of the room his breath would reach over and strangle you; you had to turn your face away at a jaunty angle to try to suck fresh air in from the back of your own head. Anyway, this freak was always butting in on conversations that had absolutely fuck toot to do with him. This one time in particular we were taking about period pains and we'd just got to the bit where you're comparing the strength and duration of any contraptions (sic) you get during the first 8-12 hours and I was saying, "yeah, sometimes the contraptions can be very erratic" and this donkey walks in the room and goes, "I totally agree with that. The wife and I bought one of those cream makers from the Birmingham Food Show the other month and it still doesn't work". What a cunt. %0D %0D Worked with a woman who was lovely but always had greasy hair as in REALLY BAD greasy hair. One day fortunately she brought up the topic and stated that she'd got a problem with greasy hair (no shit Sherlock). I was trying to be supportive and helpful when I asked, "I wonder why" To which she replies that the only thing she can think of is that she'd read in Cosmo that you should only wash the ends of your hair and put talc on the roots - she'd been doing this. Dumbass-but-lovely-freak. I figured she must have been reading one of the 17th century editions.%0D %0D Have worked with a freaky lezza too. She was tres butch. In fact she probably had more balls than most of the men on here! But, as we were to discover she had some weird habits. Not soon after she'd started we women started to notice blood up the back of the toilet doors and shit caked onto the back of the loo seats. First time I discovered it I was disgusted but said nothing until one day enough was just e-fucking-nuff! I go storming into the office (only women were present) and say, "look, who the fuck is the dirty bitch that's crapping on the toilet seat and lashing blood up the back of the stall door?" Quiet. Not a-fucking-peep (no doubt they were all thinking I was a fucking freaky co-worker!)Later that day all of the other women but the butch one came upto me privately and said they too had noticed it and that they thought it was our butch friend and (here's the clincher) that they thought I should broach it with her. Fucking-great (by the way I don't swear in r/l this place is like therapy to me). To cut a long story short (ZZzzzzzzzz) after many hours of my OWN TIME agonising how I was going to bring this topic up I decided on reverse psychology. (more...)%0D

—Freak Unique

reply 151 01/13/2011

So, I casually dropped it into the convo one break time as in, "hey, have you noticed there seems to be someone who craps on the toilet seat in the ladies?" "No." She says. "Oh" says me. End of fucking convo. I swear for one week out of every month or so she continued to swipe a tampon out of her chuff with such velocity as to splatter the back of the bog door and virtually every day managed to crap on the seat. Similar to how you guys know a man's never had a BJ at all or at least for a very long time when you notice he's got talc down the front of this pants giving him clagnuts, I'd bet you a %C2%A3 or a $ she'd never been given a decent blow job or her arse and fanny hygiene would have been much improved.

—Freak Unique

reply 152 01/13/2011

I used to work for a medical staffing agency: most of our personnel were very professional, but trust me, you do not EVER want to be at the mercy of a CNA (certified nursing assitant). I don't know who "certifies" these people but the test must consist of "Are you breathing?" and "Can you stand upright for 5 minutes at a time?"%0D %0D Almost every morning one of them would call from jail, wanting someone to come post bai; so they could go to work taking care of the elderly and the senile later that night. Anyone who had a drug-related charge was immediately fired, but those who were hauled in for prostitution, DUII, shoplifting, car theft or domestic violence just came right back to work as soon as they got their asses bailed out. %0D

—Anonymous

reply 153

01/13/2011

> you guys know a man's never had a BJ at all or at least for a very long time when you notice he's got talc down the front of this pants giving him clagnuts,%0D %0D I tried the Google translation tool and still don't know what the hell this is all about.

—Anonymous

reply 154

01/13/2011

Def.%0D %0D Talcum powder down front of mens underwear = clagnuts. Nuts that clag up in your mouth, kind of similar to when you eat too many dry crackers and they absorb all the saliva leaving you gagging and unable to swallow.%0D %0D BJ = blow job.%0D %0D

—Freak Unique

reply 155

01/13/2011

I used to work with a bunch of old biddies who talked about what they made for lunch and what they were going to make for dinner. They cracked me up. I used to tease them about it. They teased me about things, too. We got along fine.

—Anonymous

reply 156

01/13/2011

> "Oh. MAH. GAW-UHD!! My old high school is having a TAILGATE PARTY!! You know how much they want for this? Oh. MAH. GAW-UHD!! It's $378. THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY EIGHTY DAH-LUHRS. They MUST be crazy. Let's see, it includes . . . . "%0D %0D %0D I can out-do that one. My old high school is having a Sporting Clay Tournament for $1,000. That includes a BBQ lunch. RSVP to Tiffany.%0D %0D I thought it meant a tennis match on clay courts, instead it's all about shooting at pieces of clay that are flung into the air by some machine. %0D

—Anonymous

reply 157

01/13/2011

I worked with a doctor who murdered his wife. It was apparent from his horrid alibi that he did it. He had these bizarre mood swings and told the nurses it was because he took steroids for asthma. He was an excellent doctor, so everyone trusted his medical judgment.%0D %0D When it came time for his trial, everyone at work assumed he would mention the steroids and see if he could get leniency. Not a word about steroids, meaning he'd never been taking them. He was just a loon.

—Anonymous

reply 158

01/13/2011

Every damn frau is fat in my office. A client was overheard saying he had never seen so many fat people gathered in one place.%0D %0D

—Male, 6''1", 164 lbs.

1

reply 159

01/13/2011

Contraptions, [R151]?

—Anonymous

reply 160

01/13/2011

[R149], I just wrote about the fat fraus. My fat boss sits at her desk farting loudly several times a day.%0D %0D Oh, and burping, too.%0D %0D Classy,huh!

—Anonymous

reply 161

01/13/2011

[R151]/[R152] = Vicky Pollard

—Kidding, you sound fun, but we still don''t know what you mean about clagnuts

reply 162

01/13/2011

[R154]: (from Urban Dictionary)

Clag Nuts:

1.t clag nutst11 up, 1 down

Those little bits of desicated poo that cling to the hairs around the bum hole after a lack lustre wiping. Hey Barri, how was your date last night? Well we had a great meal, the movie was top, we went back to mine and he was just going down on me when he spotted some clag nuts. How I wish I'd used the bidet!

—Anonymous

reply 163 01/13/2011

Vicky Pollard my arse! Although I am slightly flattered as it means I bond well with gay boys. And although you dare call me a fag hag and I'll piss in your tea, it is true men much prefer me than do women; who seem to hate me. Unless of course it's the women I'm sleeping with/in love with/etc.%0D %0D I know you know what clagnuts are so stop being coy!%0D %0D PS. speaking of pissing in tea, there are about half a dozen excolleages of mine who have drank some of my piss and remain totally unaware of it. I find it's the ultimate getback (though a little retarded) when they've really pissed you off but you can't do anything about it. Ipso facto, an eye for an eye - a piss for a piss!%0D

—Freak Unique

reply 164 01/13/2011

In American, we call them dingleberries.

I was thinking this had something to do with the scrotum, owing to the "nuts" involved.

—Now to reread the original...

1

reply 165 01/13/2011

The internet/urban dickshionary is but one definition. Where I live clagnuts refer to the scrotum covered in talcum powder. What you call dingleberries we call clingons.%0D %0D I think there are only a few words that we both (from across the pond) agree on as to the definitions; these are: fuck, cunt, cheeseburger.%0D %0D Simples. %0D %0D

—Stephen Fry''s Clagnuts

reply 166 01/13/2011

Freak Unique, you're neither gay nor interesting, so why are you on DL? Go away or at least lurk; no one wants more straight females on here.

—Anonymous

reply 167 01/13/2011

Since dingleberries/clagnuts involve the rear end, WTF does that have to do with talcum powder down the **front** of someone's pants? It still doesn't make sense and I've never seen any guy with talcum powder on his pants. Someone hangs with a strange crowd, if that's the case.

—Anonymous

reply 168 01/13/2011

Am I annoying you? Am I? Am I?%0D %0D YERK%0D %0D

—Freaky DLer.

reply 169 01/13/2011

> Where I live clagnuts refer to the scrotum covered in talcum powder.

It seems strange that there should be a special word for this. Does it happen that much over there? Does it result from not bathing?

—Anonymous

reply 170 01/13/2011

[[R151]]/[[R152]] = Lauren

—Ain''t bovvered

reply 171 01/13/2011

Worked with a woman who said she had lived in Atlantis 10,000 years ago in a past life.%0D

—Anonymous

reply 172 01/13/2011

OMG, what a freak, [R172]! Everybody knows that Atlantis disappeared, like, 11,000 years ago, so she's totally lying.

—Anonymous

reply 173 01/13/2011

I have never heard of clagnuts or even the word "clag".

—Anonymous

reply 174 01/13/2011

[R151] WTF are "contraptions" in reference to a woman's period???

—Anonymous

reply 175 01/13/2011

> I have never heard of clagnuts %0D %0D Clagnuts are from Kentucky. They're kin to the Clampetts.

—Jethro

reply 176 01/13/2011

How do you keep an idiot in suspense?

—H. Houdini

reply 177 01/13/2011

I used to work with a freaky women who'd piss in our coffee and bang on about clagnuts.%0D %0D

—Houdini''s brother thingamee

reply 178 01/13/2011

Freak Unique means "contractions." Her Especially Scintillating Tale about "contraptions" was a result of her her working too hard to get to the alleged punchline.

—Anonymous

reply 179 01/13/2011

[R179] you're such a bitch! I bet you're a freak to work with too - do you pick n flick?

—Anonymous

reply 180 01/14/2011

Every afternoon at 4:00 the woman at the next desk would get a call from her daughter. They would then have a 15-minute conversation on what they should have for dinner. One day the boss came over, took the phone out of her hand and said to the daughter "Are you at work? Ybbou're mother is working until 6:00, talk with her when she gets home." He hung up the phone and walked away. Mom was so stunned so didn't know what to say. The kid never called again.

—Anonymous

reply 181 01/14/2011

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—Anonymous

reply 182 01/16/2011

A woman in my office would fart standing up then fluff her skirt. A co-worker put a bottle of Beano%0D in the top drawer of her desk while she was at lunch. The farting ceased.%0D

—Anonymous

reply 183 01/17/2011

A big fat co-worker nerver ever locks her house when she goes to bed. Says she was raised in a small town where no one locked their doors at night.%0D %0D Yesterday she siad that she lays there at night scared someone will break in. Of course I said THEN LOCK YOUR DOOR! Her reply was, oh, no, I wasn't raised to do that.%0D %0D Fat idiot!%0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 184 01/17/2011

Perhaps [R184] she's giving you hints that you can sneek in and make luuurrrvveee to her...???

—Anonymous

reply 185 01/17/2011

I have a 35 year old co-worker who calls in sick with (code name) "migraines," when she's actually just too hung over to come in to work. From her loud phone conversations, we always know what her after work plans are, up to the point of what she's looking forward to drinking. We know she won't be coming in the next day. It's hilarious when she does come in hungover; she has to prop herself up by her elbows to remain upright at her desk. When we ask how she's doing (wink, wink), she gives us a dirty look.

The last time she came down with migraines was Dec. 24, 25, and 26.

—Anonymous

reply 186 01/18/2011

You work on Christmas, [R186]? And Christmas fell on a Saturday this year, so the 26th was a Sunday. What do you do?

—I''d drink too.

reply 187 01/18/2011

Her family was visiting from California, [R187]. She had the holidays off even though the rest of us didn't.

—Anonymous

reply 188 01/18/2011

bump

—Anonymous

reply 189 01/19/2011

[R151]/[R152] sounds like she would have one hell of a story about herself.

—null

reply 190 01/19/2011

I have a Renaissance fair secretary - 'nuf said.

—Anonymous

reply 191 01/19/2011

I work in an advertising firm in NYC. There's a 35-yr old co-worker whom everyone knows is gay but hasn't really come out at work. %0D %0D The other day my South African friend who has a lot of gay friends tried a way to open the door to their friendship (and his closet) by gently asking and he said no. %0D %0D Word spread through the office and now everyone just ridicules him behind his back because a) he thinks he's pulling off straight (MARY!) b) He's a self-loathing hypocrite and c) many of the gay guys in the office know people he's been with.%0D %0D I was thinking of reaching out to him but he's beyond pathetic.

—Out adman

reply 192 01/19/2011

Maybe he panicked like that guy on the other DL thread, [R192]. If he does it a second time, though, ignore his ass.

—Anonymous

reply 193 01/20/2011

I love this thread. At every job I've had there's been some crazy middle-aged loner woman who looks like she's homeless. Ratty hair, drab, ill-fitting, occasionally stained clothes. Mumbles to herself. One in every office, I swear. Very odd.

—Anonymous

reply 194 01/20/2011

[R194]. you're describing Virginia. She was in our office,too. %0D %0D Glad she's gone.

—Anonymous

reply 195

01/20/2011

> Ratty hair, drab, ill-fitting, occasionally stained clothes. Mumbles to herself. One in every office. %0D %0D Sounds awful. Never experienced co-workers like that. We all dressed alike and nobody ever had ratty hair.

—Navy guy

reply 196

01/20/2011

We used to have a woman that would stand inside the ladies room near the door, and every time someone would start to urinate, she would start giggling. She did this for a few months, and then she started bending down, trying to peek under the stalls. Shortly after that, we stopped seeing her. Funny thing is, no one could ever figure out what department she worked in. I'm not sure she even actually worked there.

At the next company I worked for, there was a woman that would make the strangest noises when in the restroom. The first time I heard it, I thought someone thought she was alone and was masturbating, quite loudly. There was a lot of "oohs" and "ahs" and sighs and very quiet murmuring. I came to find out she did this every time she was in there. It was a running joke in the office, but I don't think she ever realized anyone noticed.

I also worked with a rather large woman who smelled of cigarettes and unwashed clothing, who had to bring food with her everywhere she went, including meetings, the restroom, fire "drills", absolutely anywhere. She had a large two drawer lateral filing cabinet in her cubicle, and it didn't contain a single file. It was completely filled with food. Some of it looked to be food stolen out of other peoples' cubicles and the refrigerator, but she would never fess up to it. She would also routinely fall asleep in meetings and snore. I could have felt sorry for her if she wasn't such a mean, nasty human being.

I have had many coworkers who would fall asleep and snore during meetings. I would be mortified if I did something like that.

—Anonymous

reply 197

01/22/2011

I work at a pretty hetero-centric ad agency. so when I met the only dyke in the office (I'm a queer dude) I was kinda psyched. she is close friends with the managing director, and a pretty funny smart person in general.

All was good - until she started telling me, in resplendent detail, about her yeast infections. her *painful* yeast infections that have plagued her since adolescence. and the different treatments she's used over the years - including a graphic description of some "pod" she sticks up her cooch.

She also talks about her "heavy flows" a lot. it complicates her sex life you see, and her new pre-op tranny girlfriend (f to m) is sort of a bitch about it.

Given all that, my biggest gripe is that she simply wont shut the fuck up. I'm so losing my patience.

—Anonymous

reply 198

01/22/2011

Well, kiss my kitty [R198]! I thought you'd be glad to listen to me re: body woes and flows since you KNOW I've seen you on that gay porn site daily! Don't think I haven't told the managing director about your little sick activity. Once I even noticed both your hands were conveniently NOT on your key board while you were supposedly checking out our competitor's site. And, of course, that gray cardigan sweater that you always bring with you was on your lap at the time. So be a man (I use the term loosely) and own up to the fact that you want me to stop talking about my sexual problems. I will be glad to tell all my troubles to the NEXT new employee that will soon occupy your chair.%0D %0D

—The dyke in the office

reply 199

01/23/2011

This AskMetafilter post on a coworker that goes through peoples' trash for recyclables takes the cake

see offsite link on metafilter.com

—Anonymous

reply 200

01/23/2011

199's desperate attempt at sassy rebuttal depresses me.

—Anonymous

1

reply 201

01/23/2011

My ex-manager (I was promoted) confided in me about his abuse as a child last week. Not the super gory details, just that it happened.%0D %0D He obviously thinks of me as a close friend, and I really just tolerate him. We don't socialize or even eat lunch together.%0D %0D I didn't know what to say except "That's horrible; I'm so sorry".%0D %0D Why do people come to work and burden others with their personal horrible stories?

—Your revelations make me uncomfortable.

reply 202

01/23/2011

You'll get over it, [R202].

—null (You Poor, Poor Dear)

reply 203 01/23/2011

Sometimes I think I work in an insane asylum. %0D %0D In my old division, there was a woman, an older black lady, who every single day came in smelling like alcohol. She had worked in that office--the main office with several executives--for decades. She ran the show up there, and the whole office was decorated with so much crap--knick knacks galore, mostly Jesus related. Just soooo much stuff, covering every surface, from her desk or the bookcases. SOOO unprofessional and I don't know why it's allowed. When I first started working there, I would frequently have to ask her a procedure or how to do something (since she was the head secretary in this division), and she would always say she had no idea. She knew, she was just lazy. Oh, and every single day two of the other secretaries and her would just sit around going through the newspaper looking at sales. NOTHING got done in that office. %0D %0D I now work in a different division, where I am the head secretary. There are two women here who are crazy, and the rest all have just annoying quirks. There's the one guy who ALWAYS looks dirty, and his pants are way too short and really puffy around the crotch. Like, super puffy. Then there's the guy who makes this annoying sound with his sinuses ALL FUCKING DAY LONG, sort of like he's snorting in and then there's like a click. At my desk there is a sort of ledge on top, and he's always straightening his papers on it while making this disgusting sound. %0D %0D There's another woman who tells EVERYONE shit about her family, when no one cares. She comes to my desk every morning. I always try to look as busy as possible praying that she'll go away, but she never does. She puts her hands on the ledge kind of wide apart and leans in as she talks to me. Super annoying. Tells me crap about her kids, what they're doing, how the daughter (who is in college) doesn't like to shower, etc. wtf? %0D %0D The big boss in our office is a 60-ish (closeted) lesbian from Texas, who has cases of Tab in her office and is one of the most unpleasant women I've ever worked with. %0D %0D The two crazy ladies--one is clearly doped up on something. One time they brought in leftover snacks from a baby shower and put them on our table. I sent an email out that said, tongue in cheek, "a veritable cocktail party is occuring in the front office", and the crazy lady came in all "oh a cocktail party! what a great idea!" She thought I was serious. %0D %0D The other crazy lady is this short white lady who always dresses in business suits, and is just fucking bizarre. The other day she came over to me holding a pair of chopsticks and said to me as serious as can be "I just want you to know, I keep this in the top drawer of my desk, on the right hand side. They are for paper jams. If anyone has a paper jam" and goes on and on about it. On Halloween she painted her face blue and covered her hair in mayonnaise. When asked what she was supposed to be, she replied "strange!". She's always telling us random historical facts...like, truly random.%0D %0D One day I found a BALL OF FECES on the floor in the ladies room. Not in the stall, it was near the sinks. %0D %0D There is this other woman who is in the restroom every day from 3:00-4:00, brushing her teeth. She cleans the sink and then puts paper towels all round it. She sets out two different toothbrushes on the right, and three kinds of toothpastes on the left, and a big bottle of listerine. Brushes her teeth with all this for one hour. %0D %0D freaks.

—Anonymous

reply 204 01/23/2011

> My ex-manager (I was promoted) confided in me about his abuse as a child last week. Not the super gory details, just that it happened.

Wait...your ex-manager is a child? And he was abused last week?!?

—Anonymous

reply 205 01/23/2011

I had a boss who hired mostly Roma employees.%0D

—Anonymous

reply 206 01/23/2011

LOL r 192...

—Anonymous

reply 207 01/23/2011

I work with a woman who answers her extension by yelling %E2%80%9CWho is it? WHAT DO YOU WANT?%E2%80%9D%0D %0D Another co-worker smokes pot at least twice a day, and he likes to take his time doing it. He used to try and disguise it with %E2%80%9CI%E2%80%99m going down to the store%E2%80%9D, %E2%80%9CI have to meet my sister downstairs%E2%80%9D and so on, but now he just doesn%E2%80%99t bother anymore. In the last week he announced he had quit, but we all know he was fired after he showed up last Friday so high that he couldn%E2%80%99t talk. He walked pass our boss as she was was trying to talk to him and slammed the door in her face.%0D %0D We used to work with a guy who would plan his day according to the phases of the Moon. I never fully understood his system, but I do remember him saying that on nights the moon is full people share more and are more open to each other. On those evenings he would sometimes write our boss e-mails with suggestions on how to improve our department. He once snapped when another co-worker decided to change the position of her desk. He claimed she was disrupting the energy in the room.%0D %0D I could go on and on%E2%80%A6 I%E2%80%99m quote the freak myself, which helps me cope with my current job.

—Anonymous

reply 208 01/23/2011

qoute = quite

—R208

reply 209 01/23/2011

I'd love to date you [R204] - I nearly pissed myself laughing reading your post!

—Anonymous

reply 210 01/23/2011

We hired a lady about a year ago who had gray hair and seemed very nice...like over the top nice. I'm always suspicious of overly nice and I figured it was only a matter of time until the facade cracked. Turns out, she's batshit crazy. One minute she will be pleasant and nice, the next she will turn on you like a rabid dog. She's extremely loud and has the most annoying cackle and basically talks all day about hula hooping and/or World of Warcraft because she's into that. I figured she was in her early 50's due to the gray hair but I was confused because she would come in the heat of summer wearing a neck scarf, shorts and knee high socks pulled all the way up to her knobby knees. I finally asked her how old she was and she was 40 which is one year younger than me. She said she hated dying her hair.

In fact, she's admitted she hates bathing and will only bathe about once a week. You can tell when she hasn't bathed because she will come in wearing some freaky hat over her greasy hair. She goes around asking people for Vicodin and if they don't have it, she turns on them. They assigned her a new job where she had to file paperwork and she had a complete meltdown. She actually said to me that she couldn't do the job because she "thinks in colors and sounds" and isn't logical enough to do paperwork. She would sit at her desk and glare at you if you asked her a work related question.

She's had run in's with a few of the employees. One of our staff is Italian with a thick accent and she refused to talk to him for the longest time because she doesn't like people with accents. Another male employee she flat out avoids because he doesn't put up with her shit.

I can't believe she isn't fired yet but I think it's only a matter of time. It can't come soon enough.

—Anonymous

reply 211 01/23/2011

204, the guy who clears his sinuses every day...does he happen to be black? I worked with an African American dude who did this all day long who happened to be a dear friend. I finally said to him, "Why do you keep sucking up your snot?" and he said it wasn't what he was doing, that his throat itched and that's how he scratched it. I've talked to a few other people and they told me they have known several black people who made that exact sound. I think it's weird.

—Anonymous

reply 212 01/23/2011

[R211], you've found Mother!! She wandered away from The Home some time ago. Keep her there!Tell her that her baby boy is coming!!

—I miss my mommy!

1

reply 213 01/24/2011

I have worked from home for over a decade. The pay's not so great, but I have none of this drama.%0D %0D I can run out to the gym and take a walk if I want to. (Thank goodness for my Blackberry.)%0D %0D I'm not sure I could handle all these wackos that are out there.

—Anonymous

reply 214 01/24/2011

I worked with a guy we nicknamed Lumpy because he had love handles and wasn't in really great physical shape. Whenever he went into town and downed a few beers, that night his snoring would be unreal; sounds like you never heard. He was two bunks below me. I was in the top bunk. %0D %0D One night when I knew he was out on the town, I took a tape recorder to bed with me. When he came back, got into bed and the snoring began, I recorded it for a few minutes. The next morning I brought it into the office, played it for the boss, and asked him if he could identify the noise. He guessed that it was a construction site with some kind of heavy earth-moving equipment. He was floored when I told him it was Lumpy snoring and that's why eight of us couldn't get a decent night's sleep every time Lumpy was drinking. Happily, Lumpy was transferred out of there and the only sounds we heard late at night would be coming from someone who was whacking off.

—Anonymous

reply 215 01/24/2011

[R215], Lumpy Weatherford? It sounds like 'em!

—Wally

reply 216 01/24/2011

Where do you work, [R215]?

—Anonymous

reply 217 01/24/2011

That was when I was in the Navy, [R217].

—215

reply 218 01/24/2011

212, no, he's a white guy in his 50's, with a temper problem. He's always scowling and I often hear him yelling at other attorneys who are beneath him.%0D %0D Ugh, It's such an unpleasant work environment. My last job was fucking paradise compared to this shit. The boss is that old cranky lesbo that I mentioned; absolutely NO ONE likes her. She does everything in her power to make people's lives miserable. I requested to take three weeks of leave later ths year. It was declined, because, as she said, it would interrupt the workflow too much. Ok, no problem--except she takes a three week vacation EVERY YEAR. She's the boss! She's in meetings aaaall day long. Surely her absence is more of a loss than me, a mere secretary? I think she doesn't like me because I'm so open about being gay. My parther has worked their (in a different division) for 20 years and knows everyone, and everyone knows we are together. She's closeted (which is a miracle because she makes KD Lang look fucking femme).

—204

reply 219 01/24/2011

With respect, [R204] et al., many of the things you mention aren't freakish in the least. A boss getting more vacation than a subordinate, some guy with short pants, another guy who is into astrology, co-workers who chat too much, someone who drinks Tab? Maybe you're not cut out for office work. I'm not trying to be mean, but seriously, you have to let some of that slide when you're around other people.

And you have to expect that the supervisors and bosses get more time and more perks than you do.

—Anonymous

reply 220 01/24/2011

One dopey supervisor used to bring his small children to work on the weekends. His reasoning was that his wife was a bad influence and he wanted to get them away from her poisonous influence. His kids were crazy little noisy hellions who got into everything. That division was in a separate office from our main office no one knew except his co-workers who stupidly didn't say anything. One day our general manager decided to visit their little private space and opened the door to find two children screaming at the top of their lungs while running around a conference table. He was extremely pissed off. The employee never brought his kids to work again.

—Anonymous

reply 221 01/24/2011

Time for more stories.

—Anonymous

reply 222 02/02/2011

I sit next to someone who suffers from such bad anxiety that he seemingly has trouble breathing at times throughout the day. He gasps and pants as though he's doing some kind of extreme physical labor (not the case); he also routinely reports everything he's doing to as many people as possible. "I just got an email..." He tells this to three or four people IN A ROW, in this crazy droning voice (he sounds likea heaily sedated Lenny from Of Mice and Men). He barges into people's offices in the middle of conversations: "I couldn't help overhearing..." He eats the same thing every day for lunch--microwaved Hot Pockets--and wears outerwear almost all year 'round because he says he so cold (including gloves, yes GLOVES, at his desk). He will sometimes cut his nails at his desk, grunting and panting the whole time, like Sisyphus pushing his rock. He's fairly heavily medicated in some way, because he's got a blank stare on his face most of the time, and can't follow normal conversations. When he speaks with our overseas vendors he cannot pronounce their names or even remember whether they are men or women, despite the fact that we have been working with them for several years. He can't recall simple procedures, and when being reminded of them, immediately starts saying "Yeah, yeah, I got you" which is a guarantee that he's not listening.%0D %0D As a reward for this behavior, he is one of the only people in the department who gets a regular 'good morning' from the manager, and the only one who receives the full standard yearly wage, despite needing several of us to take over projects for him and help him meet his yearly quota (lest we be slammed for not "thinking of the team").%0D %0D I wish I was making any of this up, but I'm not. People wonder why publishing is going down the drain.

—Anonymous

reply 223 02/02/2011

And another one:%0D %0D We've got this tiny woman working with us, she's got to be about 4 feet tall. (Nothing wrong with that, but it's certainly the first thing you notice about her.) She's about, say, 60 years old--truthfully, it's hard to say.%0D %0D She also has lots of...eccentricities. Like the fact that she can't talk to anyone without waving her hands around, as if she's helping land a plane. She tends to stare at the ceiling at those times, moving her head around in a vaguely Stevie Wonder fashion. She listens to a little portable radio with headphones, and the sound cranked up unbelievably. Sometimes when she speaks with people and is sort of staring at the ceiling and going on and on, she'll also start touching her breasts, which makes people uncomfortable. She has an irritating habit of saying "uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," and "you know you know you know," over and over, which makes simple conversations extremely long and tiring.%0D %0D So anyway, I once needed to show her how to work one of our budget systems, and she had a question about it. She came over to my desk, but didn't say anything--she likes to just stand there until you turn around and see her, no matter how long it takes. I turned and said hello, and she just stood there, rocking back and forth from foot to foot, and staring at the ceiling. Her mouth was sort of opening and closing, like a gasping guppy. She sort of kept this up, then turned around and staggered out into the aisle between cubicles, where she turned in a circle. She sort of came back toward me, with her mouth opening and closing, and her hands raised up in the air as though she were flagging two cabs at once, and still sort of looking at the ceiling as her head Stevied around idly.%0D %0D I thought, oh shit, this lady's having a stroke.%0D %0D So I reached for the phone, while asking "Is everything okay?"%0D %0D At which point she looked at me and said, "I, uhhhhhhhh, have a question, uhhhhhhhh, about that budget thing."%0D %0D It turns out she's just nervous about asking people questions, and especially men. %0D %0D There have been variations on this scene ever since.

—r223

reply 224 02/02/2011

[R223]: love both of your posts. Are you a writer? Wonderful attention to detail and your analogies ("he sounds likea heaily sedated Lenny from Of Mice and Men" and "moving her head around in a vaguely Stevie Wonder fashion") are perfect. Nice work. Please post more.

—Giggling as I Type (as opposed to Weeping as I Type)

reply 225 02/02/2011

Freddy is a dwarf or midget or tiny person (he stands about 4'9". His arms do not reach his penis. He is stubby and balding and makes a little better than minimum wage. Most of the time he is fine . He works in a cubicle.

Michele is a small framed girl also about 5 foot tall who wears high heels and puts her hair "up" to simulate height. Michele is "hot". She is young and blond and has perky little tits and an adorable personality always putting others first. She dates attractive men a few years older than she. Michele works in sales.

Freddy got a crush on Michele. Michele refused his advances.

One day Freddy enters into a sales staff meeting with a huge heart shaped box of chocolates and (for whatever reason) a large stuffed gorilla. He interrupts the meeting to give these to Michele who says "Thanks, I'll catch up with you later, I am in a meeting"

"Wait!" Says Fred. He then gets on one knee and offers her a wedding ring.

She is very embarrassed and says something like "Go away, I will talk to you later, I AM IN A MEETING.

Fred goes ballistic and begins shouting things to this effect

"If you dont ,marry me no one will marry you, you are no taller than me just cause you wear heels, everyone knows you are short, stop trying to kid yourself, stop living a lie bitch".

He then throws the gorilla at her and starts ripping open the chocolates.

Sales men in the group escort Freddy out, police are called. We talked of nothing else the rest of the day.

Freddy still works there. So does Michele. They stay separated.

—Anonymous

reply 226 02/02/2011

[R226], that eloquent waxing of unrequited love takes the cake!

—Anonymous

reply 227 02/03/2011

> His arms do not reach his penis

How could you possibly know this?

—Anonymous

reply 228 02/03/2011

LOL, [R228], I was just going to ask the same thing! I was distracted by that bit of trivia while I read the whole rest of the story.

—Anonymous

reply 229 02/03/2011

I also love The Ballad of Freddy and Michele. %0D %0D Okay, despite yesterday's icetastrophe everyone made it in to the office. EXCEPT aforementioned tiny lady and our manager. I didn't imagine Tangina making it in because, well, ice and snow are a bigger deal to her. Management, on the other hand....%0D %0D Well, she tried. She left the house and--oops, took a spill on the ice. No big deal, except for her. She called the office and said she was "spooked" by her fall. She was going to come in, really she was, but that tumble really scared her, and she couldn't leave the house. She was actually so upset by it that she was even starting to feel sick to her stomach. So: working from home! (Incidentally, an option not offered anyone else. You're out, you use vacation time.)%0D %0D She came in this morning, looking like hell. "I'm exhausted." From what, no one knows, though she did mention earlier in the week that she wasn't getting any sleep at night, worrying about commuting in the mornings. I should note here that she lives in suburban NJ, with a 20 minute commute by bus, in one of north jersey's larger commuter cities, with plenty of options. Unless they make her drive the bus herself, all she's got to look forward to in the mornings is sitting down.%0D %0D Need I mention she looks like Edith Bunker's younger sister, down to the clothing and mannerisms? I didn't think so.

—r223

reply 230 02/03/2011

One of our tech guys is a little overwrought as well. He started working with us a couple of years ago, after being forced to take a leave of absence for psychiatric problems.%0D %0D He comes in every day wearing an undershirt. Not a t-shirt--a white undershirt. About three sized too large (he's a bony thing). He keeps his head buzzed extremely close, sort of like a prison camp cut, and wears the kind of enormous glasses you might've seen on a Match Game panelist. His pants are too large as well, so he keeps his belt cinched around his waist like a beggar child in an eastern bloc nation; due to his slouch they ride up higher on the left. And bad sneakers, to quote Steely Dan.%0D %0D He's generally fairly quiet, walking around quietly and looking sadly haunted. Sometimes, though, he gets upset.%0D %0D When he gets upset, he starts yelling at his computer. Really loudly. So you can hear it all over the floor. "God Damn IT. GOD DAMN IT! YOU PIECE OF...AHHH!" That this screaming comes without warning from someone with an extremely well-documented history of psychological disturbance makes people very nervous. Well--scared. People get very scared. No one does anything about it; it's a "sensitive issue."

—Anonymous

reply 231 02/03/2011

Mad alcoholic secretary who would type a paragraph and then open the bottom desk drawer and pour herself another shot of Johnny Walker. She was a rabid Britisher but had a fit when, during the Falklands War, another Brit in the office showed us his cut out Argentian ship silhouettes which he used to float in the office toilet and dive bomb with his turds.

—The English are different

reply 232 02/03/2011

A mad S&M queen who would turn up in head to toe zippered black leather, and then make a point of filling in the girls who sat next to him on his previous night's fisting fun in the sling. The level of detail was eyewatering.

—Anonymous

reply 233 02/03/2011

> Mad alcoholic secretary

> mad S&M queen

I always forget mad means crazy in the UK. To us, mad means angry.

Carry on.

—Anonymous

reply 234 02/03/2011

Co-worker with poorly dyed hair (I think its a diy job) says to a disabled man "Are you (insert name)? Have you seen(insert same name)? Every frigging day many times over%0D %0D He's disabled, not braindead!%0D %0D She's also bone idle and a liar.

—Anonymous

reply 235 02/03/2011

There was also a little person at an office I once worked at. A little 3ft retarded person, hired as part of some community involvement initiative, or some such shit. He photocopied and arranged staples, etc. He was nicknamed R2D2, but not to his face.

Some months after his hiring there was a mild economic downturn, and of course social concern went out the window, and he was retrenched. Except that the message didn't appear to get through, and for several days afterwards he kept turning up, a little waddling beaming lump of munchkin innocence. The HR hellhags finally came and ushered him upstairs for presumably a thorough Abu Ghraib workover with the word r.e.d.u.n.d.a.n.t. repeatedly spelt into his forehead via lacquered talon, and we never saw him again.

—Anonymous

reply 236 02/03/2011

I was an office manager for an architect in a small building. The office, especially the reception area, was gorgeous. The building manager used to always ask me to let him show our office to prospective tenants for other floors. He was really quite friendly.%0D %0D One Monday morning, I came to work and there was a bunch of police cars around the building. I asked the cop what was going on and he said that, over the weekend, the building manager had fought with his wife and kidnapped his two young children. He then killed them and hid them in the crawl space in the basement. It was so sad. Still upsets me to think about it.

—Anonymous

reply 237 02/03/2011

When Freddy stands up with his hands at his side they only reach to his waist, your hands fall at crotch level.

see offsite link on somebodythinkofthechildren.com

—Anonymous

reply 238 02/03/2011

I had a mean boss once who had a raspy voice as well as a loud raucous laugh. She could have been pretty, but she was huge. We nicknamed her Jolly Green Giant. She'd bring her one year old to work from time to time. The baby was really mean, too. The boss would embarrass everyone by asking guys out. One time it was a fireman, and he turned her down flat. Finally, she was caught stealing money from petty cash and was fired by a higher-up on the spot.The employees saw the entire thing played out.%0D %0D We were all thrilled to see her go.

—Anonymous

reply 239 02/04/2011

[R237], it just goes to show you that you never know who you're dealing with. There is a guy who comes into the office from time to time that is kind of off. I wouldn't be surprised if he did some sick thing to his family like the building manager did. Once he went into the men's room and crapped in the urinal instead of the toilet. That was the first clue that he had bats loose in his belfry.

—Anonymous

reply 240 02/04/2011

Let's hear about some more strange office people.

—Anonymous

reply 241 02/15/2011

Heck, you all seem to work with umpa-lumpas! In my experience they're usually the boss!%0D %0D I'm at a place at the moment and there's a PA with a fascinating arse. Her arse almost has a personality of its own. She's so fat, as she walks it sways thisaway and then thataway out of kilter with her stride. I have been sitting her now for a good 10 mins trying to imagine going down on the big fat bunter. I imagine her thighs would rub the skin off both my ears - at least she doesn't smell like a massive fat person. I am having to be careful that I don't stare too much or she might think I fancy her and that would be fucking hideous!%0D %0D There's also a right weirdo. I think he may be a gay man but securely in the closet. He's such a prissy twat. His trousers don't meet his ankles, he wears little round spazzy specs, white socks and he's ginger - in a kind of crew cut circa 1990, white short sleeve shirt yet it's fooking freezing here at the moment. He looks at me like he's thinking I'm a cynical dyke. Ha ha! You ginger cunt - you're right!%0D %0D There's also a plumpish lesbo-in-the-making (just add KY Jelly and stir) who keeps finding any old excuse to say to me "I love you". Like if I let her use the meeting room I had booked or if I find something around the office she was looking for. Everytime she does this I think to myself, 'in your dreams honey, it aint happenin'%0D %0D Fact is, if I look around the room at the 40something people in here... they're all fucking ugly or have some kind of personality of physical deformity. I shall go to the toilet in a bit and stare in the mirror as surely I can't be the only drop dead gorgeous woman working at this shithole - there must be something wrong with me too. I'll get back to you when I've figured out what the fuck's wrong with me!%0D %0D xx%0D %0D %0D %0D

—Yikes!

reply 242 03/02/2011

I've been in the toilet for a little while and I've figured it out - I'm a cynical dyke !%0D %0D Phew.

—Yikes!

reply 243 03/02/2011

If my boss's office door is closed she's either in there sleeping or sobbing.

—Anonymous

reply 244 03/02/2011

Yikes! is my kind of bitch.

When I started back IT contracting I worked in the offices of a well known fruit distribution company with some choice characters. The worst was a nasty, spiteful bitch with jet black spiky hair and an oddly butch vibe, considering she was your typical 'mouthy mum': 40 something but looking older; dark trouser suits; orange, worn complexion; and one of those scraped, pack-a-day for 25 years-type voices. Her job seemed to be some sort of database administrator but she had pretensions of being a first line support person (far beyond her abilities).

So when I was brought in to *actually* do that job she resented the fuck out of me. She tried to undermine me on countless occasions but I always avoided her nonsense. She thought herself quite the comedienne but she was just a nasty old bigot- racist, homophobic (always odd in a woman) and generally negative, lazy and mouldy. Uppity and vile.

Anyway, the hilarious post-script is that about 18 months ago I found her working as a shelf-stacker in my local Tesco- a victim of the recession. I did chortle. She didn't recognise me (or if she did, pretended not to), but it was nice to see some instant karma in action for that type of person, who usually cruise through life bullying and getting their way.

Made my day.

—ayb

reply 245 03/02/2011

I have no problems that are not created by others.

—Anonymous

reply 246 03/02/2011

[R242], do you work with a Physican Assistant, Production Assistant, Personal Assistant or a different job title knicknamed "PA?"

—Anonymous

reply 247 03/02/2011

[R247]: PA = Secretary. But if you call them a secretary they give you that "kiss my fucking arse you overpaid cunty bitch" look.%0D %0D Actually, I have a new freak to share! It's so exciting! She's like the honey monster but scottish! A huge giant of a woman with massive shoulders and a butch all in wrestler walk. Her hair has been dyed black so many times its starting to fall out on the crown and it's got like a purple hue going on which is very unattractive. She wears all these silver bangle thingamees so you can hear her ajingling down the corridors and when she's in the toilet and she's wiping her vajaja it's like an Asian festival has just kicked off! Anyway she's always on the fucking phone and she's LOUD. I mean really fucking LOUD. I know all about her medical appointments, her council tax bill, her car service and the full ins and outs of the missing reams of paper. I drifted off into a fantasy this afternoon where Jabba the Hut was eating her - head first.%0D %0D

—Every Good Girl Deserves a Chocolate Biscuit x

reply 248 03/03/2011

Incidentally [R245]: I've always found homophobic middle aged women are actually wrestling with their own sexuality. As I've gotten older and am out of the closet I like to challenge them. If I feel them staring at me with those pursed lips I go over and ask them why they're staring at me in a disapproving way, I ask whether it's because I'm gay and they're disgusted or if it's because I'm gay and they're curious as to how loudly I scream when I cum.%0D %0D Always stops 'em in their tracks.%0D %0D %0D %0D

—Anonymous

reply 249 03/03/2011

My coworker called in for the third day in a row today because he's farting too much to come to work.

If you knew him, you'd believe it was true.

—Anonymous

reply 250 03/03/2011

I work with a flamboyantly gay gymnast who is married with kids.

—Anonymous

reply 251 03/03/2011

I have another freak unique!%0D %0D She's Irish and butt ugly. Every other word is fuckin' this and fuckin' that. For example; (adopt a northern Irish accent) : Feck me 'tis Tuesday! Well oi feckin never did. 'ill yer luk at dis feckin email Ah've jist feckin got. If they tink for wan feckin moment dat oi'm gonna feckin chucker waaat they feckin want roi feckin nigh they can cum an' pogue me 'airy feckin 'ole! feck dem! %0D %0D And that%E2%80%99s from a professional woman earning about 90 thousand a year. And then there's her dress sense or, rather, her lack of it. She wears all these knuckle duster gaudy rings on about every finger including thumb which looks ridic given she's about 190 years old! And I noticed to day, just to top it off, she seems to have borrowed Nanny McPhee's shoes.%0D %0D She's hideous and a serious assault on my ears. I wish they%E2%80%99d sack her.%0D

—Juicy Lucy

reply 252 03/10/2011

Strange really, that so many of your 'freaks' are female, overweight and have dykey hair-dos!

—Anonymous

reply 253

03/10/2011

Juicy Lucy, I love your tales, I pity you, too, because it sounds like you work in a revolving door freak factory.

—Anonymous

reply 254

03/10/2011

Re: "revolving door freak factory"; naaaa just think film/tv/publishing with a smidge of academia and you're almost there.......

—Juicy L

reply 255

03/11/2011

I work for a chain restaurant (like Chili's or Applbee's, but I won't say which one) . Norma is our Training Associate (head waitress) . She gets paid minimum wage and only waits tables when she needs gas or ciggie money. She spends the rest of her time in a back room office . It is little more than a large closet. She paid our of her own pocket to have a sign made which reads "Training Center". Inside you find her desk and lots of employee manuals and a few VHS tapes instructing newbies on job safety.

I have no idea what she does back there. But she always looks busy. When she does come out of seclusion she has a major announcement to make.

She seems to spend some time working out the reasons why we had an unexpected rush of business. She won't come out and actually do any work to help during the rush. But afterward she will show up and announce something to the effect of

"I figured out why we had that rush from 2-4pm today. It seems there was an event at Veteran's Memorial Gardens which attracted about 300 people. We need to note that for next year."

She also pops up from time to time with little hints and tips she has to help us all with our duties as servers. Recently she gathered several of us to say:

"This is what I have come up with to help you remember which garnish our seafood dishes get...'If it's swimming it gets a lemon' ", of course you have to pronounce it "swimmin and lemin" to get the rhyme to work. She even made a poster for that little gem. It has drawing of a fish with a lemmin in it's mouth.

—Anonymous

reply 256

04/10/2011

I wit two cubicles down from a guy who has no reservations whatsoever about whistling and humming at his desk while he works.

I'm going to snap one day soon if he doesn't stop.

—Yes, I work in a cubicle.

reply 257

05/07/2011

Love the freaks! Keep it coming!

—Anonymous

reply 258

05/07/2011

I work with a woman who has serious mental issues. She can go from thinking you're her best friend to accusing you of talking about her in the same sentence. Her job involves her dealing with customers, and was found one evening wearing a green bag on her head and she'd drawn a 'Hitler' style mustache on with a marker pen. When she was asked why, she just said she got bored. I was involved in her original interview, in the preliminary stages. I couldn't believe it when my manager, who had interviewed her, told me she'd been hired. Apparently she seemed 'fun'.

—Anonymous

reply 259

05/08/2011

I worked for a small company that purposely hired "unique" individuals for data entry - management felt that diverse personality types made for a better work atmosphere. Needless to say, that little theory blew up in their faces constantly, but they would never back down on their hiring choices.%0D %0D When we saw the interviewees parading through the office, we could accurately bet on the ones that would get hired. Anybody in a suit, jacket or "interview outfit" never made the cut. But these people did:%0D %0D Young woman who wore a fluffy prom dress to the interview; guy in sweatpants and NO UNDERWEAR (my favorite); woman (?) in a caftan, earrings and buffalo-leather hippie sandals; woman in a bathing suit with yoga pants on top; woman who wore a tennis visor to the interview and never took it off the entire 7 years she worked there; fat frau in mustard colored Lycra bike shorts and a football jersey; guy with Tourette's who quacked.

—Anonymous

reply 260

05/08/2011

..

—anon

reply 261

05/13/2011

On my first day at work, I was warned in a hushed voice by my cube mate to never speak of engagements or weddings to the woman who sat across the way. She was about 60 and had been jilted 40 years earlier. She still broke into hysterical weeping when any of the women had bridal showers at work.

—Anonymous

reply 262 05/13/2011

.

—Anonymous

reply 263 05/14/2011

[R262] - That story reminds me of my father telling me not to ask the visiting daughter (40s, apparently single) of a family friend whether she was married or had children. I still don't know what it was all about - if she was a lesbian, he almost certainly would have just told me and asked me not to raise the issue.

—Anonymous

reply 264 05/15/2011

The guy at the end cubical never talks to anyone, rarely shaves and spends his entire day doodling pictures of bleeding or crushed skulls and other maimed human body parts. He uses a red pen for the blood and takes the red pen with him on lunch, so nobody steals it.

—Anonymous

reply 265 05/16/2011

[R265] sounds like someone you should keep a deep distance from.

—anon

reply 266 05/16/2011

I work with reincarnated 40's band singer who talks incessantly. She sits next to me and if I send her a message that I am busy by staring into my monitor while she is telling me the explicit details of her mother's latest ailment, or her parents bickering - complete with vocal impressions, she will get up and come around to the front of my desk and stand in my sightline to make sure I see her.

—Anonymous

reply 267 05/16/2011

I work alone, and I tell you, that guy is a freak!

—Anonymous

reply 268 05/16/2011

That means they all look like YOU then, don't they [R253]?

—Anonymous

reply 269 05/16/2011

I'm sad that AYB encouraged you Lucy J. He usually shows greater taste.%0D %0D I've been coming to DL for 11 years now and I rue the day you found this site.%0D %0D I've met women like you before. Your type think and act as through they are beautiful and smart but would be shocked to know that they are actually viewed as loud, trashy, self-absorbed and typically very bad in bed. (All that self-absorption, you see.)

—one of the lesbians

reply 270 05/16/2011

^^and who says lesbos have no sense of humor!

—Anonymous

reply 271 05/16/2011

I too get bored of Juicy's verbal sallies. I have a sense of humor but don't like

I work with a sweet girl who has an angelic face. She invited us to go see her rock band. We all looked forward to an easygoing evening at the hootenanny.

Well, her band played loud, screaming throbbing haterock. Some of the fraus and older people from the office were pretty freaked out.

—Anonymous

reply 272 05/16/2011

My office mate makes noise even when she isn't talking. She is a hummer and will hum the same 8 notes over and over all day. One day I drew the line at her humming christmas songs in May.....not ok. She taps her nails, slurps her soda, chews with her mouth open and will click and unclick her pen a million times over. The girl sends me e-mails when we sit right next to each other. First thing in the am she comes in laughing like a crazy person and trails off into a sigh.....then says something like, "good morning sunshine" nails on a chalk board would be better. I dont even wanna talk about the noises she makes when her sinisus are acting up. I have flat out told her all of these things irritate me.....she laughs it off with an "OMG I don't even know i'm doing it! He he" gag

—Cracky young woman

reply 273 05/17/2011

Bump for one of my favorite DL topics

—Anonymous

reply 274 05/21/2011

Here's something different.

Over the weekend I received an email on my work account. Disclosure: I work part time is real estate. And yes we are scum.

Here's the email:

Becca Emma wrote:

Now I need to sell my home! I think one of the male niggers is peaking in my twin girls bedroom while masturbating on the flowers growing under their window.

I NEED TO SELL NOW!

I ignored it.

Then I get this:

I've owned a gay bar in Boston for the last 10 years and now I want to sell it. I just can put up with that damn XXX XXXX coming into the bar and bragging about all the cocks he's sucked in his life. What a fag!

XXX XXXX is the principle of my firm.

I did what anyone with a few free hours would do - I tracked down the first email address to a "girl" who trolls every 4chan like forum on the internet. One post leads me to the forum she is on now (having been banned by everyone)

I decide to google her screen name and "my city" + real estate. Bingo! This brings me to a thread on the current forum and my fucking boss has a post with a his picture. Then I find another where is basically gives his first name (no a common name) and that he sells real estate in a specific city.

Basically his internet arch rival figured out who he is and is emailing his agents or maybe just emailing me.

Earlier today I did forward him the emails - since one you know basically calls him out. His response was for me "to ignored it". They are both freaks.

I'm just wondering what my next move should be.

—Anonymous

reply 275 06/13/2011

[R275]? Ignore it.%0D %0D Then find another job, QUICKLY.

—Anonymous

reply 276 06/13/2011

BUMP, I love this topic!

[R275], your post is barely understandable.

—Anonymous

reply 277 06/16/2011

I love these threads!

—Anonymous

reply 278 06/30/2011

I used to run a bookstore in Johannesburg during the 1990s. A staffer we hired began stealing from us - each day he was on shift, the takings would drop by half or more. One afternoon I caught him putting money from a sale under the till, instead of in the drawer. I found a stash of cash there, which I guess was where he was hiding the money until the end of his shift. I immediately suspended him. Firing a guy is not that easy in South Africa- I had to organise a hearing and give him a chance to explain himself, before I could get rid of him. So a couple of days later we met, with his legal representative, to hear him out. He told me he had 'forgotten' to ring up sales because he was distracted by a personal problem, which he then explained. He said he had been charged with murder the week before, and this was bothering him and distracting him from work. He said that he had left his apartment one afternoon to find a guy trying to break into his car. He attacked the thief, and beat him to death with his bare hands. The guy showed me his fists, and yes, they were bruised and had several fresh scabs on them. He even gave me the number of the homicide detective who was investigating the case. In the end, I fired him anyway, but for weeks afterwards, would keep a nervous eye out just in case he felt he had a score to settle with me.

—Anonymous

reply 279 07/01/2011

I work with a man who upon entering the bathroom, washes his hands like a surgeon for about two minutes before urinating. When finished, he exits the bathroom without washing again.

—Anonymous

reply 280 07/01/2011

I see the 'I hate Lucy' trolls have been stomping their canes on the floor. I always imagine they're the sort that would kick a puppy (and their vaginas prolly taste like weathered copper). %0D %0D %0D x%0D %0D %0D

—Lucy J.

reply 281 07/01/2011

I work with the real life Jeri Blank. It's pretty funny, but sad sometimes...

see offsite link on gstatic.com

—Anonymous

reply 282 07/01/2011

I'm the secretary for a 50-something dude who was recently promoted to "senior staff." He is VERY impressed with himself and has been making snide comments about me needing to remember my place since he is now "senior staff." He also said he no longer felt comfortable asking me out to lunch with his wife in tow because that would be socializing outside of his, in essence, class level at work.%0D %0D I looked at him and smiled and said "You're lucky you have ME as your secretary then! I don't want to go to lunch with YOU either! Other secretaries in the office may need a lot of attention and stroking, but I'M not like that!"%0D %0D Well, he was fucking PISSED the rest of the day and barely spoke! Bright side was I was able to get some work done.

—Anonymous

reply 283 07/01/2011

I love Jeri! Stories, [R282]? Was your coworker a boozer, a user a loser too?

—Anonymous

reply 284 07/01/2011

I hate working with closet cases. My workplace has lots of openly gay people in it, yet we have two closet cases (one is out only to me, the other has been spotted at gay nightclubs gettin' busy with rough trade). The misery of the closet is horrible to see. I wish they had families that would accept them. One of them constantly makes nasty comments about gays TO US GAY CO-WORKERS as if we don't know he's gay. We'd like to report him to HR but we don't want to out him. That would be cruel, plus he'd probably go postal on us.

—Anonymous

reply 285 07/01/2011

Oh she's still a boozer, but she used to be a boozer, a user and a looser. At inappropriate times she'll start telling people stories about when she was strung out on crack, times she was drunk out of her mind or her numerous and revolting sexual encounters and laughing. She even does this around her adult children who just look mortified, I really feel for them. She also has this misguided belief that everyone wants to see her 48 year old ass half naked. Basically she acts like a dumb 16 year old.

—r282

reply 286 07/01/2011

I work with a couple of women who are hard core Fundies. They always leave Jack Chick tracts laying around and pray together---on company time. HR has addressed them and told them that this is upsetting in the workplace, but they whined about "discrimination against Xtians" and "how they're persecuted for they're beliefs". One of these nutjobs had the FUCKING NERVE to leave one of those pamphlets on my desk,so I retaliated. I printed out some stuff about CoS (Church of Satan) and left that on THEIR desks. The shitfit these two had was PRICELESS! However, I think they got the hint, and I haven't seen a religious pamphlet nor have I been preached at since then........

—Anonymous

reply 287 07/01/2011

Cube frau next to me -- whenever she makes a sale she says "That made me moist!"%0D %0D She looks like Kirstie Alley at her fattest. Yeah, I throw up a little in mouth every time she says that.

—Anonymous

reply 288 07/01/2011

I want to work with [R287]

—Anonymous

reply 289 07/01/2011

I used to work with this one freak (a sad, never married, single, childless, 40-something), and she would literally just come right up to my desk and just stand there and stare at me without saying anything. And then when I would ask her if she needed something, she would say "no" with this creepy smile on her face, and then go back to just staring. And whenever she did talk, she would say creepy weird stuff with underlying sexual undertones.%0D %0D She was a FREAKSHOW.

—Anonymous

reply 290 07/01/2011

"One of them constantly makes nasty comments about gays TO US GAY CO-WORKERS as if we don't know he's gay"%0D %0D [R285] - Just tell him that homophobic comments are not appropriate. If he makes further nasty comments, repeat your comment more loudly, then more loudly again if necessary.%0D %0D There is something off about protecting a homophobic colleague who is themselves gay.

—Anonymous

reply 291 07/01/2011

I've shared this one before:

I used to be in a cube next to a woman who sighed very heavily and was always histrionically put out whenever some little something fell outside her process (this was in accounting). It was quite funny because she tried her best to offer a good phone voice but 20 times a day the only conversation I would hear was: "Ok. Well, let me look at X, Y, Z and I'll give you a buzz back."

Click.

Heeeeaaaavvvvvy Siiiiiiiiiighhhhhhhhhhh

"Fucker."

—Anonymous

reply 292 07/01/2011

I posted about this woman in the fraus at the trough thread ages ago - clearly my karma for doing that is having to work with her again. She's the one who picked up a huge chunk of cheese at an afternoon tea with her hands and ate it. %0D %0D So today, which is the middle of winter where I live, she decides to try some new sunscreen at work. She's sitting at her desk, applying a sampler sachet of some kind of cream, and she startes to laugh and say look at this! I turn and her face is ghostly white from the zinc oxide or whatever. I joined in her laughter and said wow, that looks like kabuki makeup ... she gets the attention of another colleague and shows off the waxy, white cream. %0D %0D And then she leaves it on her face all day. It's two or three shades lighter than the skin on her neck and chest. She even went out for lunch. And no one said anything to her, even though she looked like a clown.

—I couldn''t even look at her after that

reply 293 07/13/2011

r 293 - sounds like you work with Mimi Bobeck.%0D %0D Our secretary is mid 50's and believes she is Lady Gaga - no kidding. Same blunt bleached haircut. Absolute bitch on wheels. Dresses up as Marilyn Monroe for Halloween. she's a bitter little pill.

—Anonymous

reply 294 07/13/2011

I worked with a middle-ages woman who tried to be cutesy all the time. One day, I had to give a lecture on our office's new server system which including back-up and archive files. When she asked a question, she made reference to "Archie" files and I she was talking about the archive files. Later on, she once again referred to "Archie files" and I corrected her to which she replied "Oh, I know". The third time she did it, I freaked out and told her, "They are archive files. If you insist on calling them anything else, you're not taking any of this seriously". You could have heard a pin drop. After the meeting, I was told by HR that I shouldn't have raised my voice but was congratulated by a few of my co-workers.

—Anonymous

reply 295 07/13/2011

We had a girl walk out on her first shift (four hours in), no conflict or explanation, and this thread makes me grateful that she didn't also, like, shit in the fridge on her way out.

—Anonymous

reply 296 07/19/2011

Reading about these people can make some of us appreciate the almost normal folk we work with.

—Anonymous

reply 297 07/21/2011

[R280], is he Asian? They tend to wash their hands before they use the bathroom, not after.

—Anonymous

reply 298 07/21/2011

[R295], you are a moron with a stick up your butt. You are way more obnoxious than she is. Cutesy comments can be ignored by professionals, but controlling, micromanaging creeps like you are much harder to deal with in the workplace.

—let me guess-your hero is mhb

reply 299 07/21/2011

MORE FREAKS, PLEASE!!!!

—Tod Browning

reply 300 08/02/2011

Thank you, [R299]. Talk about nitpicking.

—Anonymous

reply 301 08/02/2011

bump for more great stories

—Anonymous

reply 302 08/08/2011

Where to start?!?!

Bout 10 years ago I worked with this guy who was really precious about his car. One day he swore black and blue to me that another of our co-workers had intentionally put a long deep scratch down his car. I didn't care too much and went back about my business. When the accused co-worker got into work, there was a loud confrontation. Lasted all of 1 minute, but this guy was angry. He left, but came straight back with a hammer in tow and proceeded to smash the shit out of this guy in the head with it. Blood everywhere. I had to get in the middle of it to make it stop. This guy was quickly headed to committing a murder over his dumb car. Drama!!!! Pretty lucky the guy didn't die or suffer worse damage. I thought it was over for him judging by the amount of blood he lost from the face.

However, I agree it is usually the women that are freaks, IMO and experience. One place I worked at was seriously like high school. Shit, these girls (women) would go out of their way to backstab, bitch and fight with each other. Start and spread rumours around the workplace. It was pathetic. Worst environment I have ever been in. I did confront one girl once who was spreading rumours about me to my boss, of all people. I gave that fat ho some cold hard truths and she never fucked with me again. 3 years I stuck it out there. 4 different managers, all but 1 loved to play along with the drama.

I once worked with my mother. Big mistake. 2 different management styles. Total clash. Our relationship has not been the same since then and I doubt it ever will be again.

—Anonymous

reply 303 08/08/2011

Love this thread, keep 'em coming.

—Anonymous

reply 304 08/08/2011

I worked with a lady that looked like Bette Davis in "Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?" We worked behind a counter together, and she would touch my ass every time she walked past me (more than 20 times a day.). Whenever I tried to give her more room to pass by, she went out of her way to touch my ass, even reaching behind me to do it.

—Traumatized

reply 305 08/08/2011

That sounds like the male Hyacinth Bucket, [R283].

—Anonymous

reply 306 08/09/2011

[R305], are you male or female?

Were you young and hot-ish at the time?

—or old and saggy?

reply 307 08/09/2011

[R307], I hope you aren't the Baby Jane lady, but I am a female and could never be described as being old or saggy.

—305

reply 308 08/09/2011

I work with the typical suburban frau freaks who spend 75% of the day talking instead of working. You wouldn't believe the shit I have to hear all day: Church activities, planning for holidays, what their husband did the other day, what's going on in the news, recipe tips, a funny commercial they saw the other night, getting tickets to see the latest has-been band that's coming to town...

Why can't people just shut the fuck up and work?

—Fed up

reply 309 12/01/2013

> You wouldn't believe the shit I have to hear all day: Church activities, planning for holidays, what their husband did the other day, what's going on in the news, recipe tips, a funny commercial they saw the other night, getting tickets to see the latest has-been band that's coming to town

You are describing Datalounge, you know.

—Anonymous

reply 310 12/01/2013

I used to share an office with two normal people and one freak. The freak was a late 30s woman,in a LTR with her short, squat, male partner.

It became clear over time that they were living some kind of dominant submissive lifestyle. She was nice enough but totally controlled by this creep. He would ring the office landline 3, 4 or more times EVERY day demanding to speak to her. She had a cell, but he used the office phone. We all hated him. For example, if she was in a meeting, he'd demand to know when it was ending and when she would be able to take his call. When he had to wait to speak to her, she'd call him back immediately when we said " Mike called. Again". And he'd give her the 5th degree and she'd have to give him a summary of the meeting and justify not having taken his call. This happened daily till we complained that clients couldnt get through because of this idiot and his stupid domination crap.

At first I thought she was abused as felt sorry for her, but the creep wore a long black leather coat and wrote horror fiction and she once told me when drunk at the Christmas staff party that his favourite author was the Marquis de Sade. And she had money and family, she could have left him if she wanted to.

Anyway I never have to speak to them or deal with their D/S bs again thank God.

—Anonymous

reply 311 12/01/2013

sigh

I get the pleasure of working with a white country of a hick female. She spends her days telling everyone who will listen about what her darling brat has done or said. When she is not flapping her mouth about her kid, she spends her days ear hustling and being the office busybody.

She also has never been around black people before as she has made some inappropriate comments when talking to me. I want to tell this dumb bitch to read a book or google her black people questions and leave me the fuck alone. I never imagined that someone who is 30 y/o could be so fucking stupid about other races.

—Anonymous

reply 312 12/01/2013

It's a full cavalcade of dysfunctionals where I work. There's the angry young man who stamps his feet, has shriveled eyeballs with no emotion.

The woman who roars at subordinate staff and goes on about her cunt being healed over.

The sell out dyke who is racist and is so anal I'm surprised she doesn't suck up the chair when she sits down.

The admin guy who knows how to do everyone's job except for his own.

The rich boss who is ignorant and shows off in a passive aggressive way, flexing his muscles whilst looking at new cars to buy on the internet.

The bitter older guy who is going to resign whenever he is told to do something and farts all the time.

The guy who has to drop into the conversation his gay sex encounters at every opportunity and that he had a private education.

The union rep who is almost blatantly racist, sexist, and homophobic and only cares about straight, white, 'working class' men and has a mail order bride.

...this is after the worst of the fuck ups have gone.

—Anonymous

reply 313 12/01/2013

> she spends her days ear hustling

Ear hustling?

—Anonymous

reply 314 12/01/2013

Who here works for the USPS? There are a lot of freaks there; people who drink all day, people who lack proper hygiene, guys who act like they've never seen a woman under 35, and just general crazies.

One guy keeps talking about some special satellite phones that are going to make the post office a lot of money, he just has to wait for President Obama to personally sign off on it and contact him. Sometimes there's variations to this story, but it's always ridiculous.

—Anonymous

reply 315 12/01/2013

One woman I work with is permanently dieting. She microwaves packets of noodles for lunch which she eats out of a plastic bowl decorated with pictures of slices of cake.

And once shared a tiny office with a crazy. Ten minutes into my first day she asked me if I had pets. Yes, a cat. Then she became tearful and told me she had been " recently bereaved" (her cat had died three years before) and every time she thought of cats it was like " a kick in the stomach".

She had OCD and was permanently rubbing anti bacterial gel on her hands. She didn't like people coming in for any reason, so she would pile files high on the visitor chairs so they had nowhere to sit.

Our manager gave her a box of chocolates once at the end of the day. I left, and I was first in the next day. I had to open her drawer to borrow her stapler. The box was crammed into the back of the drawer. Curiousity made me open it, it was empty of course so I think she had binged after I left.

During my appraisal her hands shook violently and she started crying saying she was having a bad day. The final straw was her hot flashes, which meant she'd insist on the window being open all day in winter. I told her I was not prepared to wear gloves to type, and she started raging and stormed off. I told my line manager I'd need another office or I was resigning, they found me a new office.

—Anonymous

reply 316 12/01/2013

I'm obsessed with Crazy Terry.

—Anonymous

reply 317 12/01/2013

I work with a fat girl named Kim, who is lazy and tries to pass as much of her work off to other people. She likes to smile in your face and pretend she wants to help you. But she only wants to get away with doing as little as possible.

—Anonymous

reply 318 12/01/2013

I work with an older guy from NW Pennsylvania. I call him Farty McClarty because he's always passing gas, even while talking to you. He wears a cloud of bad cologne that smells like a rancid bottle of Brut. He's obese and has a grotesque pear-shaped body. He has a verbal tic where he follows every sentence he utters with, "An' dat dere" or "An' dis 'n dat".

He also uses the phrase Catch-22 a lot and has no idea what it means: "I was gonna go golfin' but it started raining an dis and dat, an I says what are you gonna do, y'know? It's a Catch-22".

—Anonymous

reply 319 12/03/2013

I was cubicle neighbors with a real-life Gladys Kravitz at my last job. She even sort of looked like Gladys in the face, and sounded like her too (the original Gladys, of course). She was nosy, gossipy, snooped around people's desks. One day she was screeching that someone had stolen "her" calendar. Eventually another co-worker came by and told her that it was her calendar, and she had taken it back. Turns out Gladys had assumed her desk was empty (?!) and took the calendar for herself.

Every day when our supervisor came in, she would jump up like a jack-in-the-box and run over to him with her problem du jour. She couldn't do anything without consulting him first. She also acted like a hall monitor and if anyone was slacking off she had to let our boss know ASAP.

Everything about her was annoying. She would complain incessantly about the most pointless shit and circulate photos of her very average-looking grandchildren. This woman was in her early 60s with varicose veins and about once a week she would wear a miniskirt that was not only indecent, it was downright inhumane.

—Anonymous

reply 320 12/03/2013

There's this one frau who is a real freak - she makes a fake and phony chuckle after EVERY fucking thing she says or you say; shit that's not even funny. You could say you're going to get a cup of coffee and she'll do a fake chuckle.

WTF is wrong with people that do a fake laugh after EVERYTHING they say or someone else says? And no, she is not nervous - she does it thinking it's cute (she's 36 and annoying - it's not cute).

—Anonymous

reply 321 09/10/2014

About 20 years ago I was a paralegal and I was assigned to work for an attorney who never missed a chance to mention that he was gay and that he was going to marry his partner.

This was around the time I was coming out. I never came out to him while I worked there, I don't think he would have liked not being the only unique one in the office. His partner was equally as self involved.

One day my boss was in court when the partner called to continue a fight they'd been in before work. When he found out that my boss was in court he wanted me to go there and tell my boss to call him. This was before everyone had cellphones.

I laughed at him and said I wouldn't do it. I left that job as soon as I was able. I was done with the drama. They eventually had their equivalent of a royal wedding, lasted about 18 months after that and then split up.

—Anonymous

1

reply 322 09/10/2014

I worked in an office that occupied 2 floors, 17 and 18. We couldn't access the stairs so we had to use the elevators. On 17, we only had part of the floor so, on that floor, we used common rest rooms near the elevator.

My office was upstairs, and, when I had something to do downstairs, it was convenient for me to stop in the mens room on 17 on my way to the elevator.

One time, one of the young men (20s) who worked on 17 entered the mens room shortly after I did, stood next to me, and pulled out what looked to be his erect penis.

I'm no prude, and I've had my share of sex in public places, but I was management and actually liked this job, so I ignored him, finished what I was doing, zipped up and left.

I'm in my 40s, and nothing special, so I figured maybe it was just my imagination, maybe he just had a big dick and was holding it in a way that made it looked hard. Other than thinking the kid was lucky for having a big one, I didn't give it another thought.

Anyway, a few weeks later, the same thing happened, only this time he made it quite clear he was interested in some action. I mumbled something about being late for a meeting and left.

That afternoon I sought out a gay colleague who worked on the 17th floor and told him what happened. 'Oh yeah', he told me, 'the same thing happened to me.' 'What did you do?' I asked. 'My colleague shrugged and said 'I let him blow me', in a manner that made me feel like an idiot for even asking. And then, he went on to devastate me by adding 'He'll blow anybody. Good little cocksucker too. You should let him do you.' All this in a tone that could be used for recommending the pot roast in the company cafeteria.

I never did let the guy blow me (I was in one of my monogamous phases). A year or so later, I heard through the grapevine that the cocksucker was leaving for another job so I dropped by his desk to wish him well. We both ignored the obvious.

A year after that my company went out of business. Two years after that, my relationship (the monogamous one) ended. In retrospect, I suppose I never should've turned down the BJ.

—I thought I smelled regret and gin

reply 323 09/10/2014

I worked with a woman who I later learned was bipolar (we are RNs). She always wore heavy bangs. I found out later that, during a manic hase, she'd had a big crescent moon tattoed on her forehead and used the bangs to cover it up.

Another RN used to watch hardcore lesbian porn on the work computer over night shift. She was our union rep.

—Anonymous

reply 324 09/10/2014

Not a freak I work with but this morning's elevator-mates: I work in an office building with a lot of law firms so we see all kinds, client-wise.

This morning was a family of yokels right out of central casting, mom, dad and two kids. Picture "mouthbreather", personified x4.

Didn't really notice them at first until we got on the elevator and dad, who looked like Larry the Cable Guy, said to his Paula Deen-clone wife "this sure is a big elevator!" Everyone else on the elevator just sortof glanced at them. It's a pretty standard elevator, maybe 7 feet by 7. Besides them there were three of us regulars riding with them.

Our building has two banks of elevators, one that only stops at the lower floors and a separate bank that only stops at upper floors. Ours was the second one, which zips up the first 20 floors.

Cletus was amazed by this. "Welp, that dinnit tayke looong, naw diddit?" Seriously, the thickest hillbilly accent I have ever heard.

They were like walking caricatures.

—Anonymous

reply 325 09/10/2014

Love these stories. They have made me laugh when I really needed It.

I may have mentioned this on a previous post but we had a recovering alcoholic frau-ish receptionist that became a self-styled evangelical. She would call me over to the reception desk under the guise of a question but then it would turn into a conversation about Jesus and if I went to church. "Oh you don't go? Well I know where you can go to hear the word of the lord..." I always politely declined and walked away. She was incompetent but the act that got her fired was posting a multi-paragraph screed next to the water cooler on the "fornicators", "sinners" and "homosexuals" that ran and supported the organization (the CEO was semi-closted but that's another story). There was no hard evidence she did it but it was a small, socially progressive office but her incompetence was the official reason. It was also discovered after she left that she was making threatening prank calls to her prominent former employer from her desk phone.

—A lot of pain and anger out there

reply 326 09/15/2014

I wish the old thread had been saved. My two favorites from that one:

* The temp with Tourette's who would scream horrible things at people in the elevator

* The receptionist who resented the young, pretty girls in the office and told clients "She's on the toilet" when they were away from their desks.

—Anonymous

reply 327 06/16/2015

Freaks at Datalounge

People who think we give a shit about every mundane thing their cubemates do.

—Anonymous

reply 328 06/16/2015

About five years ago, I worked in a cubicle next to a woman (let's call her Nicki) who was certainly bipolar and most likely had other mental health issues too. Her job involved taking inbound customer service calls, but she spent the entire day making personal calls on the company telephone and on her cell phone. Her conversations were extremely loud and inappropriate. On her down days, she would talk constantly about her horrible, abusive ex-husband and how he had ruined her life (she looked to be only about 25) in between calls to the ex-husband, in which she would literally scream obscenities at him. I took her stories about her ex-husband with a grain of salt, because he had gotten custody of their children (including an infant). And to the ex-husband's credit, he was clever in dealing with her - when she had reached her maximum raging anger and verbal abuse, he would put one of the children on the phone and she would suddenly lapse into "mommy talk". During times when she had a boyfriend, she would generally complain loudly about the fact that the boyfriend didn't provide her with as much sex as she wanted. She would frequently contrast the current boyfriend's sexual performance with her ex-husband performance in great detail. By her account, the ex gave her amazing sex and was up for it anytime she was.

At one point, I realized from over-hearing her all-day personal phone conversations that she was homeless and living in her cubicle during the work week (this went on for about a month) On weekends she would go to her mother's house in a town about 20 minutes away. On her good (manic) days, she would wear make-up and look attractive, but she would also sing very loudly to inappropriate rap songs, talk extremely fast, and generally act as if she were on speed. On the "up" days, she would also plan her next wedding (to whomever she was dating at the time-no matter how brief the relationship). I literally heard her call classmates from middle school to invite to fly to our city and be in her imaginary wedding. I could tell, because she would feign and interest in what they did after middle school (what high school they had attended and what they had done after high school) before she launched into her speech about how she had "chosen" them to be an attendant at her huge gala wedding. She also called dozens of wedding planners and at the beginning of each conversation, she would explain that she little or no money to pay them but she hoped they would help because of the all of the difficulties she had been through (and she would generally expound at length about the unfairness and tragedies of her life until she wore most of them down).

When she was forced to take a business call, she would pretend to be waiting on her computer and after about 60 seconds she would tell the customer that computer problems prevented her from helping them. Then she would transfer the call back to the queue.

In spite of her own inappropriate and disturbing behavior, she was incredibly intolerant of others. She and I never spoke - she just glared at me and the other employees - in an attempt to intimidate everyone, I suspect. The only time she ever spoke to me was once when I was walking back to my cubicle, she stopped me to tell me that the ringer on my telephone was too loud and that she had adjusted it while I was away. Once a Vice President in an office near our work area was having a conference call with the office door open. Nicki walked over and pulled the executive's office door closed angrily with a loud bang

Most amazing, NO ONE in our company ever confronted her about her behavior. It went on for 8 to 12 months before she was transferred to another floor. I was amazed at the straight men, who witnessed most of the same bizarre behavior from her that I saw, who would actually try to flirt with her on her "up" days when she looked attractive. About a year after she moved from my floor, she was fired for using racial epithets in a work email. It's actually a good ending - for a while I was sure she would kill me.

—A Cubicle Farmer

reply 329

06/16/2015

About 30 years ago I worked as a paralegal to a sole practioner. It was my boss, two other attorneys and a secretary (Diane). Diane was a fucking freak. You could tell how the day was going to go in the office from the first words that came out of her piehole. She was a single mom of a 13 year old moron boy child and she had to drive some 40 miles one way to the office.

She'd been doing this for so long that she had a routine to make sure Jefferson got to work on time. She'd wake him up when she left for work and call when she got to the office to tell him to go to school. He then would call when he got there.

One Friday morning he called as usual and Diane was working her normal day. Then she gets a call from the school administrator asking when would be a good time for her to pick up Jefferson's homework since he'd been out sick all week. Law firms are notoriously quiet because everyone's working, writing pleadings, etc., therefore I could hear every word she said. She also had a habit of getting loud when she got upset and it was obvious she had no idea he'd been ditching school all week. What he'd been doing was having some girl he had a crush on call the school pretending to be Diane saying Jefferson was going to be out sick.

So she finds out what she needs to know, hangs up the phone and calls her house. Like an IDIOT, her kid picks up the phone. For the next five minutes I heard her mind dissolve as she lost her shit talking to her kid. I have no idea what he was saying but I did hear her say something like "promise me you won't kill yourself before I get home." I think he was fucking the girl. Diane left right away to go deal with it.

The two attorneys were at a hearing so I told them the whole story when they got back. I think she was out the next day too probably at school dealing with it.

Another time and I think it was before this Jefferson forgot didn't call from school like he was supposed to. This was in the early 90s so hardly anybody had portable phones and nobody she called knew where he was. I don't know why but she never called the school to see if he was there. So she grabs her shit, storms out the door saying "Something's VERY WRONG." He called about 90 seconds later saying he'd forgotten to call and I told him she'd just left and was headed his way. I actually could have stopped her and told her but fuck that, I was a dick and I let her storm out of the building to drive the 40 miles home for nothing.

Another time I was at the copier and for no reason at all she comes over to me from her desk, says "Brandon Lee was murdered!" and goes back to her desk.

The best one was when she was pissed at the boss about something and they got into an argument. I didn't know about the argument because I wasn't there so when I get there Diane bombards me with her side of the argument and Diane says "[Boss] can eat my ASS!!!!! She did it quietly so the boss wouldn't hear her. When the boss left for a hearing or something an hour or so later I told Diane that unbeknownst to her, the boss was standing behind her and heard every word. It was a total lie and I never told Diane it was a lie. It shut her up for a couple of weeks though.

—Anonymous

reply 330

01/06/2021

[R5] I worked with someone who spent 90 minutes before lunch asking everyon if they wanted to order lunch, 90 minutes on an hour lunch break, and then another 90 minutes walking around asking everyone what they had for lunch, was it good, so on and so forth.

—Anonymous

reply 331

01/06/2021

My last boss had serious anger issues. He once took time from a weekly 1:1 to track down the boss of a construction worker who looked at him the wrong way, find their phone number and demand that the worker be fired. He was always screaming at people on the phone over perceived slights

—Anonymous

reply 332

02/24/2021

Oh jeez where do I start?

The last time a company that I used to work for had a Christmas party at night, one of the managers who was married attended with 2 black hookers. One on each arm. He was a weasley looking white guy.

Same company. Some woman apparently couldn't make it on time down the hall to the bathroom one day. Left a trail of shit down a carpeted hall. Poor girl who accidentally stepped in it, went home for the day after that. Didn't blame her at all. Whoever did it didn't notify anyone or tell anyone.

Crazy broad at my first "real job after college was a cutter and a purger. State job.. Everyday after lunch while we were in training, was right in the bathroom! One time she was out with another coworker going to see a client. She was driving. On the way, she happened to see her sleazy boyfriend with a bitch on the back of his motorcycle. Took off after him and got out for a messy fight while my coworker gawked on.

Another one from that job was a cute little lesbian. Who only dated "straight" women. By that I mean, women she met who had never been with women before and were typically married. Didn't seem to date actual lesbians met online or in bars. She got fired after getting pissed her current paramour had decided to return to her husband. She went up to the woman's work and flashed her State credentials trying to get into there to confront her. Good times!

—Cuntess-Chocula

reply 333

02/24/2021

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—Anonymous

reply 334 02/26/2021

Great shares everyone. I too love the bitchy receptionist who told people her pretty, younger colleagues were "On The Toilet!"

—Anonymous

reply 335 02/27/2021

How do these people get hired especially given all the hoops in the hiring process?

—Anonymous

reply 336 06/02/2021

How do these idiots get hired?

—Anonymous

reply 337 07/12/2021

Thread Closed.

A Note from Muriel

DataLounge will close permanently on July 31, 2026

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